THE TRAIL OF A SOURDOUGH

Ballads and Rhymes

By

Charles E. Royal

To dear Peter -
Happy Christmas
Love from Jane and Jeff
1976.

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Rhymes and Ballads

By

Charles E. Royal

McCLELLAND & STEWART
PUBLISHERS :: TORONTO

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TORONTO

PRINTED IN CANADA

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WHEN YOU'RE GAME

If you can smile when your heart is sad
And make the world believe you're glad;
If you can laugh when all goes wrong
And make life just one grand sweet song;
If you can hide each falling tear,
Dispel some other's gloom with cheer,
In success or failure be the same,
Then you've the right to say *You're Game.*

If fate decrees that you shall part
From those you love with all your heart;
If, when you say the last "Good-bye,"
You hide that tear within your eye,
And wish them luck all down life's way,
Forget the happy yesterday,
And at that parting smile the same,
Then you've the right to say *You're Game.*

If you can say that you've done right;
If you've fought fair throughout the fight;
If you take the bitter with the sweet,
And don't complain if you get beat;
If you don't brag when you have won,
But praise your foe for what he's done;
If sun or rain find you the same,
Then you've the right to say *You're Game.*

If, when at last you come to die,
You look the whole world in the eye,
And say, "I haven't one regret,
I've done my best to pay each bet;
I know that I've been on the square;
I've treated everybody fair;
I only leave an honest name,"
The world will know that *You Were Game.*

SOURDOUGH IKE

Yes, Sourdough Ike's what they called him
  Way up North of old 53;
Yet nobody knew and no one gave a damn
  What his "maiden name" used to be.
Some said he once was a doctor
  Way back in the days of old;
But now he massaged the guts of the earth
  To make her digest the gold.
And he sure had the right kind of physic,
  For he always was makin' a strike,
And the Chechacos, lookin' for pickin's,
  Just shadowed old Sourdough Ike.
He'd "licker up" while the dust lasted—
  He warn't no hand drinkin' alone—
And when his old buckskin was emptied,
  He'd hike for the great unknown.

He stood six feet two in his mucklucks,
  His hair was as red as his nose,
When the "Hooch" was all out of his system
  He was "whale" from his head to his toes.
He had trimmed up the whole crop of bullies
  From "Dan" to the terrible Greek,
And when he shook hands with the half-breed
  It put him in bed for a week.

But a real peaceful cuss was this red top,
  He never went lookin' for war;
But when some one was spilin' for trouble,
  He supplied what they were lookin' for.

'Twas a night in the middle of winter,
  A night such as Northlanders know,
When the mercury's flirtin' with 60,
  And a blue tint steals over the snow,
When the stars seem too frozen to twinkle,
  When the air is just still as can be;
But now we'll go on with the story—
  And this is between you and me—
Old Sourdough Ike had been missin'
  Four months and a half from the fold,
And the girls and the games were just itchin'
  To pilfer his fat poke of gold;
The old roulette wheel commenced creakin'
  To welcome him back to the chips,
And the bottles of "Hooch" were just smilin'
  To kiss his old weather beat lips.

The dance hall was crowded that evenin',
  The girls were made up for the fray,
And all of the "cappers" were hustlin'
  To get some poor sucker to play.
Old "Rag Hayes" was ticklin' the ivories,
  The wee hours were startin' to peep,
And "Sandow," the Red Light's pet scrapper,
  Was slappin' some weaklin' to sleep;
Blonde Lizzie was workin' some miner
  Who had just landed in from a strike:

When the storm doors both busted wide open,
  And in walked old Sourdough Ike.

The whole gang rushed him with the "glad hand,"
  A thinkin' that booze would flow free—
For all other money was bogus
  When Ike started out on a spree;
But he stood there just transfixed and silent,
  Like the sphinx in the story you read,
Just takin' in all the surroundin's,
  As tho' 'twas the first he had see'd.
"Big Bertha" grabbed him by the shoulder
  And suggested a trip to the bar;
But Sourdough says: "I'm not drinkin',
  And here's what my reasons are:—

"When I left here last fall for the Keokuk
  I went clear to 'No Man's Land,'
And I found the lost mine that's been hidden
  Since 'Mad Bill' panned out his last sand.
With its treasures all shinin' before me,
  There were nuggets as big as a bowl;
Why I filled all these pokes in an hour;
  Great God! there was nothin' but gold:
And the cabin stood there all deserted,
  Except for old 'Mad Bill's' bones;
His skull peeked at me from a corner,
  'Twas layin' twixt nuggets and stones;
His ribs and the backbone were scattered,
  And the door bein' open, I see'd
That 'Mad Bill' had bequeathed his carcass
  For his huskies' last Thanksgivin' feed.

"The wolves had chewed up his belongin's,
  But tied to the rafters I found
A grub stake of beans and sow-belly,
  Too high for the wolves from the ground.
And, Pards, I almost was starvin'—
  I'd been without food for two days—
So I cooks up a sourdough banquet,
  And eats till my brain was a haze;
And nailed on the wall right before me
  I saw, as I took my last sips,
The last note that 'Mad Bill' had written
  Before he had cashed in his chips:

" 'The food in this cabin is poisoned;
* I've endured the misery and cold,*
And no one shall live from my grub stake
* To tell of my strike of gold.*
It's hundreds of miles back to Dawson,
* So mush and you'll starve on the way,*
And my skull from this musty old cabin
* Will haunt every step, night and day.*
Or eat, if you can't resist hunger,
* Be a quitter and die by degrees;*
But leave "Mad Bill's" gold where you found it,
* Or my curses you'll hear on each breeze.'*

"Now, I never was much of a quitter,
  And I've fought when the 'goin' ' was bad;
But when that poison just oozed through my system
  'Twas a 'yellow streak' feelin' I had.
But I locked the door from the varmints,
  And made up my mind I'd sit tight,

And, Pards, I'm right here to tell you
  That me and that dope had some fight.
I lay on that bunk in the cabin
  Two months, and just flirted with death,
With the skull smilin' up from the corner,
  And the wolves waitin' for my last breath.

"I could see the grave diggers all busy,
  The 'undertake' wearing a smile;
I could just hear the devil give orders
  For four loads of coal on the pile.
I lived forty years in an hour;
  I traced back each step that I took;
Each page of my life was marked 'failure'—
  There warn't one good thing in the book.
The wolf dogs were chanting a requiem
  For a life that was wasted and gone;
When something just commenced to whisper
  There was still time for me to atone.

"'Twas the voice of my darling old mother,
  Like the sun shinin' down through a storm;
And all of a sudden that cabin
  Seemed brighter and cozy and warm.
Now I never knew much 'bout religion,
  But true as that poke's filled with gold,
I heard mother's voice, soft like music:
  'Be saved and come into His fold.'

"So I just entered into a bargain,
  If the good Lord would pull me through,
I'd fight all His battles from now on,
  And do all the good I could do.

Now He's done his part of the contract,
  And you bet your chips I'll do mine;
And that's why you'll have to excuse me
  From the card games, the 'Hooch' and the wine."

"Aw, cut out the sob stuff," says Sandow,
  "And promenade up to the bar;
You talk like a Salvation Army,
  And I've heard what a scrapper you are.
Now you'll either take 'Hooch', or a 'lickin'."
  But that was as far as he got,
For Ike let it go from the shoulder
  And dropped Sandow flat on the spot.
There warn't a bit of commotion;
  They dragged Sandow back of the bar,
And gave him his first bath of water,
  Till his brain could see somethin' but stars.
They informed him of just what had happened,
  And he quietly sneaked out through the men,

And Ike says: "Now, as I was sayin'
  Before our rude friend butted in,
I'm off with the dog team to-morrow,
  I'm headed for old Tennessee.
There's a home that I'm going to make happy,
  Where a fond mother's waitin' for me.
I'm goin' to start preachin' the Gospel,
  And when you're all buckin' the game,
Each night in my prayers I'll be with you,
  And you bet that I'll mention your name.
And maybe the Good Lord above us,
  Who's done all these wonders for me,

Will just make your lives a lot better
  For those prayers back in old Tennessee."

Now that dance hall's deserted and empty,
  The tables are covered with dust,
The old doors are standin' wide open,
  Their hinges are broken with rust.
The players are long since departed,
  But I'll bet that where'er they may be,
Their lives have been made somewhat better
  By a cuss down in old Tennessee.
They'll always remember his fightin',
  They'll always remember his name,
For a gamer cuss this side of Heaven
  Was never seen staking a claim.
And if he's still preachin' the Gospel,
  He's doin' that same mighty well;
For he'll just kick Hell out of the Devil,
  Or else kick "His Nobs" out of Hell.

THE PRICE OF GOLD

When the silent night,
Bathed in sun-kissed light,
With its endless miles of snowy white,
Saps the life from your veins, with its frosty bite,—
Then you'll know the Northland's might.

Though you've been told,
A thousandfold,
You grit your teeth and bear the cold,
Not realising you are mad for gold,—
Until your youth is sold.

But day after day,
You plod away,
And that invisible boss just seems to say:
"A bit further on and the dirt will pay."—
And that's what makes you stay.

And that phantom witch,
You see in the ditch,
Says: "One in a thousand strikes it rich."—
That quickens your pulse and the dirt you pitch,
Just gives you the "miser's itch."

For the midnight sun,
  Fools everyone,
    It makes you believe your work is fun;
      But it mocks you when your work is *done;*—
        For you find your race is run.

You're bent and old,
  From the Northland's cold,
    You've suffered the pangs of hell, untold;
      And too late, you learn, when you find the gold,—
        It was bought with the life you sold.

THE OLD TRAIL

There's an old worn out trail,
Over rim, rock and vale,
Half forgotten and long out of date.
But still it's of worth,
'Tis "The Brand" on this earth
Of the Mushers of '98.

Tho, left to decay,
It still points the way
To the land of golden dreams.
If you pause by the way
It still seems to say,
"Mush on, there is gold in the streams."

Though grass overgrown,
Its bridges are gone,
And boulders form many a gate.
It still points the way
As it did "yesterday"
For the Mushers of '98.

And each "sourdough"
In his dream oft will go
O'er the trail as he did of old.
He fixes his pack,
On his weary bent back
To answer the "call of the gold."

He joins the stampede
With the same old-time greed.
He shares his grub-stake with his mate.
With the same longing hope,
He goes over the slope
Of the trail of '98.

The same old-time song
He goes humming along.
He reaches Lake Bennett at last;
He again builds the boat
And commences to float;
The same dear old scenes are passed.

He feels the same spray
On his face, as the day
When first "White Horse Rapids" were passed.
Le Barge soon glides by,
Five Fingers draws nigh,
The gold fields are reached at last.

He once more stakes his claim,
Builds his cabin the same,
And thinks of his loved ones who wait.
But his dream is soon through;
He finds he's changed, too,
Like the old trail of '98.

And this same "sourdough"
Is "The Man With the Hoe."
Though life's humblest station was his,
When he has crossed life's divide,

We will all say with pride:
"He made this Great North what it is.

"And this old trail alone
Was his sole stepping stone,
So why let it die with the past?
Let's rebuild every part;
Let it live in each heart
As long as the 'Great North' shall last.

"Like a great monument,
Let its mem'ry give vent
To the heroes who mushed to their fate,
Who 'Answered the Call,'
And gave up 'life's all,'
On the old trail of '98.

"It was dear to their hearts
And it well played its part.
So let's join to save it from fate;
Like a banner unfurled
Let it still tell the world
Of the '*Mushers*' of '98."

THE YUKON'S ANSWER

THE Mighty Yukon River was practically unexplored when our present geographies were printed, consequently few people have the remotest idea of what a tremendous body of water it is. The deafening commotion of the ice breaking up in the spring, which is caused by the remarkable current of the river, is probably unequalled.

OLD Father Time, so the story goes,
  Was on his inspection tour,
Righting the wrongs that nature did,
  And trying to find a cure.

He paused on the banks of the great Yukon
  And watched the ice break up,
Eating the banks and gulping the trees
  In its seething, greedy sup.

And he said to the mighty Yukon:
  "Why don't you flow peacefully,
Why do you keep on changing your course
  As you wend your way to the sea?

Why do you build an island to-day,
  And sweep it away to-morrow?
Why do you charge through the grassy flats
  Leaving behind you but sorrow?"

The old Yukon shook its mighty sides
  And heaved a mighty sigh;

It shook the ice with a maddening whirl,
  And made this bold reply:

"For a million years you've sent your curse
  In the form of snow and ice,
I've froze and endured your hardships
  But lived, at your awful price.

Yes, lived, and forced my way to the sea,
  At sixty-five below;
I've fought you for eight long months every year,
  When you blocked me with ice and snow.

In summer you've lured me on with your sun,
  You've strewn flowers along my way;
Then you've snatched them away with a miser's hand
  To let your ice hold sway.

For eight long months you've denied me light,
  You've let me feel my way.
I've buried myself as I sought the sea
  In an icy covered bay.

And you call yourself the healer of time;
  You don't know what that word means;
You lure men on with your phantom gold,
  And swallow them up with your scenes.

Each year I carry these maddening hordes,
  Rushing on in their wild stampede.
But I've always noticed but few come back
  To tell of your lust and greed.

THE YUKON'S ANSWER

You want to know what becomes of the rest
  Who were lured by your bait of gold?
They struggle and toil and starve and die,
  While you taunt them with misery and cold.

You cover the earth with your seal of ice,
  So the grass cannot protrude,
And the moose and the caribou starve and die,
  As they search o'er your plains for food.

And you wonder I shake this helmet of ice,
  Why my passions I try to release,
Just perfect your own faults, old Father Time,
  And the whole word will be at peace."

DEAD EYE DICK

"THE Bucket of Blood" was run by Bud,
As a gentleman's resort;
But the standard at best, was low in the West,
And most of 'em measured short.
The bar was crude, and made from wood
That was whipsawed miles away;
And the glass in back had many a crack
That was caused by some shootin' fray.
The bullet holes in the ceiling and walls
Gave many a silent hint,
Of nervy galoots, who died in their boots
To prove they were "fightin' gents."
That old bar room, since the days of the boom
Was the pride of these bad gun men;
But the census man only counted 'em once,
For nine out of ten "cashed in";
But a few of the gang, too tough to hang
Still frequented this resort,
And a game of draw, with some simp to "see-saw"
Was king of their indoor sport.

'Twas in the Fall, when this little brawl
Was staged at this booze bazaar;
And I'm willing to bet that you'd never forget,
If you'd been present that night at the bar.
They were hungry for loot, when a tenderfoot
Just happened into the place,

And they sized him up for an Eastern Pup
By the cut of his classic face.
But to give him his dues, he ordered real booze
In a patronising way;
And pulled out a roll like a barber pole
To show 'em that he could pay.
Everyone of them mooched his fill of his hooch,
For they thought him as green as a quince;
But he stood all their gaff, and they all had their laugh
At the Tenderfoot's expense.
Says Baldy McGee: "Stranger, listen to me,
If Dead Eye Dick sees you,
He'd scare you to death with a whiff of his breath,
He'd shoot off every toe in your shoe.
You've got too much wealth for the good of your health
And it's strictly against the law,
Your brain we'll expand, you can pay by the hand
In a little game of draw."
But he had 'em all sized and they never surmised
The thoughts that paraded his brain,
As he took out his "Jack," and says: "Bring on your pack
And teach me your little game."

So the bunch hovered round, and the sucker they'd found
Just seemed to have money galore;
And he smoothed back his hair, and picked out a chair
With a good view commanding the door.
In the cracked looking glass, you could see every pass
And so you will get what I mean;
Just concentrate on what I state
So you can visualise the scene.

First:
"Howling Hank" the human "Tank"
Who sat in this game of draw,
Was known to all as the crookedest man
That a poker game ever saw.
He carried a gun, so every one would respect each bet he made,
And he got away with many a play,
When he used a club for a spade.
In the chair to his right, sat Bad Jim White,
And across sat Shorty Bray.
While on his left was this "Tenderfoot"
The sucker they'd roped to play.
While, looking on from behind the bar,
Was notorious "Three Finger Jack."
When Shorty winks and says: "Give us the drinks,"
Then Bad Jim stacked the pack.
You could read in the *dark* how the deck was marked;
'Twas as crude as a sheepherder's job,
But the greed for the gold, made the gang so bold
They were almost primed to rob.
They dealt from the bottom as well as the top,
But the "Tenderfoot" just grinned;
And if he was wise, he sure was a prize
As a boob at getting skinned.
Hand after hand he'd tap each man,
And every time he lost,
He'd say again, with that half wise grin:
"How much does the last lesson cost?"
But Bad Jim White was in moods that night,
And he growled: "This is getting my goat,
Let's make a jack pot for all he has got,"
(And he pulled up the sleeves of his coat.)

But the stranger smiled and said: "Trot out your piles,
And we'll change the game to stud.
For it happens my deal, and the way that I feel
Your names will soon be mud."
Now this is a fact, he manoeuvered the pack
Too quick for the eye to see.
As he dealt the hole card, they all breathed hard
Wondering what the next one would be.
When he dealt the third round, there was hardly a sound,
And strictly between you and me,
He was after a straight, and the joker to mate
He had palmed just as slick as could be.
As the last card fell, they all heard a yell,
And the door bursted out of its case;
And three hold up guys, with masks on their eyes
Levelled all of their "gats" on the place.
They gave the command: "Boys, throw up your hands!"
And as meek as a flock of geese,
They followed McGee in a mad race to see
Who could first reach the ceiling place!

But the Tenderfoot just started to shoot;
He was game down to the knees;
His aim was sure and they dropped to the floor
Each time his pistol sneezed.
He shot out the light with the gun in his right,
With his left he plugged McGee;
And in the dark he hit his mark
With fiendish accuracy.
He yelled:
"All hands on the bar," then he lit a cigar
Just as cool as an army mule,
And by each puff you could tell his bluff

Was not made by a weak-kneed fool:
"This hold-up to-night will be pulled off right
But not by a piker gink,
Who yells like a boy when he's tasted the joy
Of a five-cent near-beer drink."
Then he ordered the lights and the gruesome sights
Caused the "Tenderfoot" to roar,
The three hold-up guys with masks on their eyes
Were dead as a nail on the floor.
And Baldy McGee, like he'd been on a spree,
Was hanging on to a chair.
For that shot was a prize right between both his eyes,
And it never touched a hair.
Said the Tenderfoot: "Well, he died in his boots,
But I think that shot scared him to death."
Then he took every sou and bade them adieu,
And the whole gang held their breath
As he said: "I forgot, that last jack pot
Is scattered to hell and back,
I'll leave it as a prize for you Sunday School guys
And the Custodian's "Three Finger Jack";
And I'll pay for the drinks, so all of you ginks
Will enjoy this little trick,
And if you give a toast, the name of your host
Is—Yours truly, "Dead Eye Dick!"

THE WOOD-CHOPPER

THE character of the "Woodchopper" is typical of many college bred men who went into Alaska with the gold stampede and, after a few years of failure, settled down on the "Yukon" with an Old Squaw and a "fish wheel" to eke out an existence. Bye and bye a "papoose" comes, and, too late, they find Civilization and the outside world have closed their doors against them.

A wood-chopper sat on the Yukon flat
  Watching the dog salmon run;
The old fish-wheel kept up its squeal
  While looping the loop in the sun.

A husky squaw that the chopper called "Maw,"
  With a malamute dog by her side,
Had been whiling away the entire day,
  Making "mocks" from a caribou hide.

The mosquito hordes had been chewing the boards,
  In preference to blood from the squaw,
When a steamboat's toot caused the malamute
  To strike up an "Ellen Beach Yaw."

But the wood-chopper sat right where he was "at"
  And stared at the old fish-wheel;
His mind was away to the yesterday,
  And he heard not the whistle squeal.

For seventeen years filled with sorrow and fears,
  He had dreamed of a girl outside.
Both early and late he had struggled with fate,
  Till the manhood within him had died.

He had cursed the day that took him away,
  The day that he said good-bye,
When the lure of the gold pregnated his soul
  With a resolve to get rich or die.

He traced back each year with a silent tear,
  Each winter of misery and cold,
To when he mushed on, to the great Yukon,
  And then—well, we'll leave that untold.

From the steamboat's scow came the "sounding" pow wow,
  "Half six," "no bottom," "all right."
But never a word had the wood-chopper heard
  As he stared in the sun-kissed night,

And the fish-wheel groaned, the old squaw croaned,
  And the malamute joined in.
But the man, like the "Jinx," that they call the Sphinx,
  Sat and dreamed of what might have been,

When out of the air like a forgotten prayer,
  Came a woman's voice soft and sweet,
And every note told of sorrow and hope,
  The wood-chopper jumped to his feet.

As silent as death he held his breath,
  To drink in each tone and word,
And the old faithful squaw, took one look and "saw,"
  And sneaked to the tent unheard.

How often he had heard that song, every word,
  And the voice, "Ah! it must be the same."
That last fond good-bye, he recalled with a sigh,
  And gently he breathed her name.

Then the cunning old squaw sent the papoose to his "Pa,"
  And the chopper awoke from his dream!
And the old fish-wheel groaned, the malamute moaned
  And the boat passed from view down the stream,

And the woman on board little dreamed that her lord,
  The man she came north to find,
For a fish-wheel that groaned and an old squaw that croaned
  Had left her and the world behind.

ALASKA—LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Did you ever stand in the heart of a land
  Where nature reigns supreme,
Where the icy tints and the rainbow glints
  Blend in one color scheme,

    Where the peaks are so high
    That they fade in the sky,
Where the crack of the cold seems to sob,
  Where the silence is so intense, you feel
The pulse of nature throb?

  You're held in a spell, and you really can't tell
Why you stare at the valley below,
  Why each craggy place resembles a face
Bedecked in a mantle of snow.

    But you stand there alone
    Like a king on his throne,
The monarch of all you survey,
  Reviewing the flights of the Northern lights
As they change the night to day.

  The bigness, the greatness of nature's plan
Somehow, seems to appal;
  The only word that describes it is,
"*Alaska,*" and that tells it all.

Where the rivers are brimful of fishes,
  Where the mountains are teeming with game,
Where everything is just as it was
  Before the white man came.

Where you only meet "just grown up children,"
  Where religion's the golden rule,
Where hearts are made big by the deeds they do,
  Broadened by nature's school,

Where the people are just one big family,
  Where "Friendship's the mother of all,"
God bless you, I love you, Alaska,
  And I always will long for your call.

"THE GOOD AND THE BAD"

In the old stampede days
When the trail was a-blaze
With men from all over the earth,
When the great Northland's wealth,
Taxed your muscle and health
To the limit of all it was worth.

They would build up a town,
'Ere the sun could sink down,
To rise on another day
When *another* big strike
Would cause them to hike
And like magic move it away.

When fortunes were made
With the pick axe and spade
By men who had grit to burn,
Who looked fate in the face
And smiled with the grace
Of the martyr who longed for his turn.

Where the old Klondyke flows
To the Yukon that's froze
For eight weary months of the year,
They made a big strike
And for richness the like
Has never been equalled:—not near.

That valley, I'm told,
Was just studded with gold,
And each man who staked out a claim
It mattered not where,
The real stuff was there,
And they all struck it rich just the same.

When the news reached outside,
A real human tide
Flowed down with the mighty Yukon;
They paused in their tramp,
And built up a camp,
And Dawson's the name they nailed on.

There were all kinds of creeds,
Religions and breeds,
Red, yellow, black, white and some mixed,
So you see mighty clear
That for real atmosphere
Old Dawson was pretty well fixed

There were gambling dives
Where the gamesters all thrived
With all kinds of games in sight,
Where they weighed up the dust,
When a sucker went bust,
For fortunes changed hands every night.

And Dawson soon had,
Good women and bad,
Some good as the angels above.
While some were as bad,
As hell ever had,
They came North to coin their "love."

Some were runaway wives
Who had fled for their lives,
(But had taken an escort along)
Just to make them real fond
Of the green fields beyond,
Where "King Conscience" can't do a wrong.

And the bad and the good,
Got together and would
Forget the conventions of life.
And to use just plain facts,
Brazen harlots and maques
Would hobnob with husband and wife.

Real College bred men,
And others who'd been,
The scions of culture and wealth
Used weird social flaws.
For the "North" knew no laws,
They were not there for good of their health.

The wonderful tales,
That are told of the trails,
Would fill many pages of lore.
But I'm right here to state,
That the one I'll relate,
Can go them one better and more.

'Twas in the "Northern Dancehall"
This tale I'll recall,
And the time was a gay New Year's night,
The whole town was there,
Just to bury dull care,
And it sure was a wonderful sight.

"The Northern" was dressed,
In her holiday best,
'Twas a credit to any "outside"
A chechaco, I'm told
Said the night was so cold
That the mercury had frozen and died.

But inside it was hot
And the dancers forgot
That the Klondyke had winter at all,
And some of the clothes
Would lead you to suppose
You were at a Hawaiian Ball.

"Diamond Tooth Lil"
Was dressed fit to kill,
Or undressed, to be quite exact.
For the gown that she wore
Was two ribbons (no more)
Sewed on to a skirt:—that's a fact.

And the rest of the dames
Couldn't lay any claims
To much more than Eve used to wear.
For their waists were as low
As the mercury could go.
And believe me, up North it's "some bear."

And now I'll begin,
On the dress of the men,
Some were decked out in clawhammer suits,
While some looked like freaks,
In their duds from the creeks,
Some wore muckluks, some pumps, and some boots.

The dancers all danced
Like a gathering entranced,
And laughter and joy filled the room,
Till in the midst of the fun,
The crack of a gun
In a distance pronounced someone's doom.

Then into that dive,
More dead than alive
Came a stranger that nobody knew.
And the chatter all hushed
As he quietly mushed
To the bar for a whisky or two.

He resembled the man
Who had searched for the land
Where lost careers had died,
Who had given his best
'Til all he had left
Was an empty heart in his hide.

Who had fought all his fights
In the silence of nights
Until he had bled his soul
Of everything
That Mother Earth
Had put in the human mould.

He didn't come
Like some of the scum,
With a greed for the phantom gold;
'Twas just to forget
A life of regret
And a woman . . . . the tale of old.

He searched the place
For a friendly face,
But not even one did he find;
Then he first knew the truth
He had left his youth
And the world that he knew, behind.

And the tear in his eye
Kept pace with the sigh
That he heaved for the long ago,
As he fought back despair
With an indifferent air
So the rest of the world wouldn't know.

With a leg weary air,
He dropped into a chair
And stared like a man in a daze,
Never batting an eye
As the couples danced by,
Just glaring with one aimless gaze.

Then the dancing went on
Until midnight had gone
And the prize waltz was called from the stage,
And for those unaware
It's a gala affair
That the Klondykers call "all the rage."

The prize was a poke
Of gold dust that would choke
The whale that gave Jonah joy rides;
And the gamblers all bet
On their favorite pet;
There was money galore on all sides.

And some real classy feet
Filled the floor to compete
For the Northlands most coveted prize;
And the good and the bad
Realized that each had
A chance for a pleasant surprise.

The judges in doubt
Kept weeding them out,
Till at last when the choice dwindled down
To one of the pets
Of society's set
And an underworld girl of the town,

The excitement arose until at the close
The judges refused to decide,
The society dame
With the "untarnished" name
Showed a hate
She no longer could hide.

She was labelled in life as the regular wife
Of Paulsen of "Lucky Boy mine,"
And as real wives were few
They let her get through
Without giving the marriage high sign.

She left Paulsen at home
And had come all alone
Thinking she would be belle of the ball
And it galled her to find
That the underworld kind
Should be classed as her rival, at all.

She belittled the blonde
And the whole demi-monde,
And after she'd finished her say
The blonde took the floor
And without getting sore
Remarked in a casual way:

"I truly confess
That I never profess
To being but just what you see
I'm just what I am
And I don't care a slam,
But the big difference twixt you and me

"Is, the whole world can read
Every action and deed,
For I let folks think what they may,
While you hide your flaws
With society's laws,
Yet we're made from the very some clay.

"And if all facts were known
From the spirit you've shown;
I'll bet that way back in your life
You've been bad to the core,
And I'll gamble what's more
You're some *real* fellow's runaway wife."

A shot rent the air
And the man on the chair
Dropped a smoking gun on the floor,
The society belle,
With a terrified yell
Fell dead twenty steps from the door.

In a low sotto tone
That was almost a moan
The stranger addressed the crowd;
You'd believed in him too,
For his words all rang true
They were determined and plain but not loud:

"I'll tell you to-night
That the dance hall dame's right;
She's the best of the two by a mile,
She's all above board
And don't pray to the Lord
And hide 'neath an angel's smile.

"Her paramour,
You'll find dead by his door,
Now bring on your mounted police,
I'm ready to go, but I want you to know
That at last my mind is at peace.

"I've tramped night and day
Suffered hell on the way,
But one thought just drove me along
That I'd even the score
With the woman and more,
I'd make them *both* pay for their wrong;

"And my two little boys
Back in old Illinois
Who bless her each night when they pray
Can mourn her as dead,
And an angel instead
Of the wanton who cast them away.

"For no woman should
Disgrace motherhood
And the vows that she took as a wife,
If they're not sacred to her,
She's a mongrel, a cur,
And it's right she should forfeit her life.

"Just look at her face,
You can see her disgrace,
And to think that I once called her 'wife';
Well, I've helped cleanse this earth,
And I guess it was worth
What's left of my miserable life.

"But it breaks my old heart,
To think I must part
From my treasures, my two little boys
Whose baby hearts yearn
For their Daddy's return
To that home down in old Illinois.

"But I'm willing to pay,
So just take me away,
And if justice demands that I die,
Don't let my two boys
Back in old Illinois
Ever know the real reason why.

"Just tell them I froze
In the blizzard and snows,
That their mother was good through and through,
For sometimes a white lie
Will save many a sigh,
And I'll be much obliged to you."

Well—he did'nt stand trial;
No, sir, not by a mile,
For the law of the North seemed to say:
"Those two little boys
Back in old Illinois,
Need your life more than laws of to-day."

So they just turned him loose
Without offering excuse,
And after they'd buried his wife
He thanked all from his heart
And prepared to depart
For those boys he loved better than life.

And the good women and bad,
Got together and had,
Gold nuggets, instead of mere toys
Wrapped up like a cake,
For the stranger to take
To his two little motherless boys.

And they watched the dog team
Disappear up the stream
While their hearts beat with unconscious joys,
For they imbibed the thought,
Of *pure* hometies he's brought
From those boys back in old Illinois.

HAWAII

In the heart of the seas,
Kissed by sweet perfumed breeze,
There's an island designed by the gods,
Where the wintery winds
And the summer sun blends,
And the cloud throws its kiss to the sods,
'Tis Nature's fair nest,
On the ocean's great breast,
A garden of enchanted dreams,
Where December, like May,
Is one long perfect day,
Liquid sun fading into moonbeams;
And as I look back
Over life's fading track,
There's a longing that never will cease,
For this paradise rest,
Where God did His best,
When He made it His masterpiece.

SURF-BOARD RIDING

"When you hear the laugh of the merry horde,
  You hang on tight to the old surf board.
The wave comes on like a charging steed;
  You paddle away at break-neck speed;
You feel the foam spray over your face,
  As the big wave breaks at the start of the race;
Then you fly toward the shore with a sea-bird's grace.
  That's sport, old boy, real sport!"

TO MISS HONOLULU

I've written poems by the yard about those sunny climes,
I've stretched imagination to its utmost in my rhymes;
I've dreamed about those flowery spots where summer ever dwells,
Where nature's fairest flowers breathe their perfume in the dells.
Where sunbeams seem to nestle in the nooks of Lovers' Lane,
Where paradise is only kissed by "drops of silvery rain,"
And where the gardens of the gods are guarded by the stars—
I've even let my eloquence paint fancy dreams of Mars;
I've flattered Nature by the page until I've filled each shelf,
I've lied about each sunny State 'till I believed it all myself;
But when I sailed 'round Diamond Head and took that first grand view,
Believe me, Honolulu, I took off my hat to you.
I fell in love with you at sight, for your sweet sunny smile
Just seemed to say, "I welcome you to God's own little isle."
I knew that you were Nature's queen, whose realm knew no strife—
I must confess I near proposed that you take me for life.
It seems that Mother Nature gave you all her jewels rare

And placed you on a throne with which no other can
compare.
I'll not attempt to praise your charms for 'twould be
wasting time;
Mere words could not do justice to a beauty so sublime.
If you'll permit a little slang 'twill just express my vote—
Honolulu, you're a Lulu and you've surely "got my goat."

"A GLIMPSE OF HELL"

Written at the volcano of "Kilauea," on the Island of Hawaii. "Madame Pele" is the "goddess of fire" in the Hawaiian legend

MINE Hostess, "Madame Pele," had on her party gown,
Her garments shone so brilliantly the heavens wore a frown;
But before we reached her warm abode, I 'most forget to tell,
The guide had coyly hinted that we'd see "a glimpse of hell."
So we trudged across the lava and passed great gulping cracks,
With "hot-air" more convincing than many solid facts.
We toasted little souvenirs with heat from "down below"
To remind us all in after years of places some must go.
And then we took the final hike to "Pele's" furnace room,
And watched the fiendish, gulping fire leap from the "Crack o' doom."
It seemed like a "stage setting" of "Satan's Brocken scene,"
The smoke resembled curtains or a moving picture screen.
And when the wind blew it aside the tableau came to view,
And held you by some awful spell that seemed to chill you through.

The fountains of that living fire kept leaping toward the sky,
You could hear their fiendish seething as each one was 'bout to die.
The rocks kept sliding from each side and disappeared in flame.
'Twas Nature's process returning everything from whence it came.
The moon paled at the ghastly sight, "Old Faithful" seemed to yawn,
The smoke once more enveloped all, 'twas "Pele's curtains" drawn.

"PRIDE OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

Written for a benefit program right after the San Francisco earthquake

FRIENDS, did you ever leave a place
  That you longed to visit again,
And a big lump comes up in your throat
  When you're getting on the train,
You feel like you're leaving something behind,
  And you really hate to start?

Well, 'Frisco holds the warmest spot
  In every traveler's heart;
It's a regular "Garden of Happiness,"
  A city that has no nights,
Where wealth and poverty side by side
  Go taking in the sights;

Where people live to enjoy life;
  Where mirth reigns early and late—
You pass to the Mecca of gaiety
  When you enter the "Golden Gate."

For jolly good fellowship reigns supreme,
  And freedom fills the air;
Why, even a poor old ragged tramp
  Receives a welcome there.

And the fellow who shakes you by the hand
  Don't do it with a frown.
When they say "Hello, Bill!" well, they mean it, pard,
  In good old 'Frisco town.

Whenever a city was in distress—
  E'en in a foreign land—
Dear old 'Frisco was always first
  To lend a helping hand.

Bejeweled by nature's every charm,
  Which endeared her to every one,
No wonder God had chosen her
  For the nest of the "Setting Sun."

Now that's old 'Frisco as she was,
  The city of song and lore;
But now she's only a dream of the past,
  For 'Frisco is no more.

The earthquake, in its mighty wrath,
  Has sounded her funeral knell,
And changed her from a "Garden of Gods"
  To a seething, burning Hell;

And those who played "Mine Host" so well
  And made all our visits bright,
Are homeless, heartbroken wanderers,
  In a city of ruins to-night.

So let's all lend them a helping hand,
  For their loyalty stood the test;
Then we'll shed a tear for "Old 'Frisco"—
  The pride of the Golden West.

IN DEAR OLD CALIFORNIA'S SUNNY DELLS

He strolled into the office where they manufacture songs,
He says, "Excuse me, gentlemen, I won't detain you long.
I see you write all kind of songs by the card upon your door,
And I want you to write one for me, tho' I can't sing any more.

"You see, my lungs are going fast, and I'll soon be laid away,
But I wanted you to hear this tale, and so I called to-day.
Perhaps it won't appeal to you, but it's a story from my life,
About an old sweetheart of mine who was to be my wife.

"She was California's fairest maid, the belle of poppy land,
And all the lads from far and near had tried to win her hand.
I loved her as a boy, and when she grew to womanhood,
We told our fond affections while we strolled thro' the wildwood.

"And in those dear old sunny dells we named the wedding day;
But just before that happy time my loved one passed away.

Since then I've been a wanderer, but there's just one place for me,
Beside the one I loved so dear, beneath the orange tree.

"That's where I want to slumber, where the California breeze
Sings the pretty songs of nature, thro' the dear old Redwood trees,
Where the balmy air is scented by the perfume of the flower,
Where the doves find Eden's trysting place beneath each shady bower;

"So just fix up the story and write a melody,
So it will live forever when they've all forgotten me.
And describe old California, where the sunshine ever reigns,
The greatest Song of Ages can be written from her fame.

"Tell of her shady bowers and her dear old sunny dells,
And her pretty orange orchards where sweet fragrance ever dwells,
For she's the garden of the gods, where nature's gifts abound,
The Golden Gate to Paradise, where happiness is found.

"And picture, in your softest words, the spot in which she lies,
And describe the fairest maid who ever dwelt beneath its skies;
Tell the romance of the sweetest of old California's belles,
And name the song 'In Dear Old California's Sunny Dells.'

"And perhaps some balmy moonlight night, out where the locusts wave,
Some young romantic lover may sing it o'er my grave:
My soul will then be happy, by the one I love so well,
Who is sleeping now in 'Dear Old California's Sunny Dells.' "

He took his hat and started out, and as he said "Good-bye"
Each man within the office wiped a tear drop from his eye.
An inspiration from the heart seemed flowing with the tears.
They wrote a story for the song, the best of their careers.

The church bell's toll rang on the air so sweet and sad next day,
And told them in its plaintive tone a soul had passed away.
They wrote the music for their song from those chiming silvery bells,
And called it, as he wished, "In California's Sunny Dells."

And everyone who sings the song can picture in their heart
Two fond devoted lovers which e'en death could never part.
For in that pretty flowery dell they're sleeping side by side,
Those orange blossoms seem to tell she's now his bonnie bride.

And in that cosy corner where the birds sing all day long,
Their love will live forever like that California song,
And the violets above their grave the story sweet will tell
Of two fond hearts who rest in "California's Sunny
Dells."

"QUEEN OF SONG"

A Life's Story

THE moonbeams spread their mellow gleam o'er Italy's flow'ry dells,
The star-lit sky seemed a garden on high, each ray a wild blue bell.
Each orb of night shed its brilliant light in a thousand angelic forms;
The landscape seemed a garden of dreams, unkissed by wintry storms.

The mansion, decked in grand array, presented a beautiful sight,
The silvery strains of music told of a La Fiesta night.
'Twas a picture of Dreamland's Paradise, a Mecca unruled by the Fates.
As a song floated out on the balmy air, a tramp passed at the gates;

'Twas the grandest song he'd ever heard; it turned back the leaves of time
To the palmy days of his career, when he was in his prime.
It seemed to thrill his very soul; his heart beat wild with joy
And as he listened to that song he seemed once more a boy.

"In dear old California's sunny dells,
Where my fondest recollection ever dwells,
'Neath the moonbeams' mellow gleam,
Life seems one sweet golden dream,
In dear old California's sunny dells."

He stood there like a statue as he listened to that strain,
His soul had found a paradise within that sweet refrain.
'Twas a melody from heaven, each note an ecstacy
From dear old California in the land of liberty.

The singer's voice so soft and sweet, re-echoed thro' the glen,
He little dreamed how dear to him the singer once had been.
He, too, had been a singer, a man well known to fame,
Back in the dear old U. S. A. each newsboy knew his name.

Each gallery god, with loud applause, had worshipped at his shrine,
And multitudes had drank his health with costliest of wines.
But that was in the long ago before the hand of Fate
Had made of him the ragged tramp who stood there at the gate.

And as he listened to that voice, ah! how his heart did long
To be back in that Paradise, so pictured in the song!
"In dear old California's dells," how dear that seemed to him;
He knew each nook, each babbling brook, each Redwood's bough and limb.

For as a boy he'd wandered through each dell and shady bower—
The song-birds sung their songs to him, he knew each leaf and flower.
'Twas there, in nature's garden, he won a maiden fair,
The sweetest flower in the dell, a girl of beauty rare;

Her cheeks the envy of the rose; her hair a tint of gold;
With eyes that look into your heart, the gem of Nature's mould.
She was the idol of his life, and all the whole day long
He trained her voice, so that some time she'd be the Queen of Song.

Note by note he rounded out as if by magic spell,
Until each tone was sweeter than the chime of silvery bells.
Success soon crowned his efforts, she reached the height of fame,
But in the zenith of her power, 'twas then the tempter came.

A man from far across the sea, of rank and countless gold,
Had placed his jewels at her feet, and bought her very soul.
She threw aside each marriage vow, forgot her husband's love:
Those glittering jewels chilled her heart, she forgot her God above.

Forgot the hand which guided her up to the goal of fame;
She fled and left his broken heart to monument her shame.
A heart who'd idolized her all thro' their wedded years,
Must sink into oblivion and hide its bitter tears.

'Twas just another lost career, one more name on the roll
Of those who seek forgetfulness within the "flowing bowl."
All life had lost its charms for him, his heart within was dead;
He became a poor old vagabond, with no roof o'er his head.

From clime to clime he wandered like a bird who'd lost a mate.
The remnants of a once great man now stood before the gate—
Stood listening to the voice he trained in happy bygone years.
Each silvery note which pierced his heart brought back fond mem'ry's tears.

He took a locket from his breast and gazed once at the face,
Then staggered back against the gate, his eyes looked into space.
And as each note came fainter his cheeks grew white and cold;
Those eyes within the locket seemed to pierce his very soul.

"In dear old California's dells," he heard the singer say,
And with the last notes of the song the tramp's soul passed away.

Passed within the pearly gates to where a sweet repose
Bids welcome just the same to those who wear the ragged clothes.

The La Fiesta ended with the reveller's merry shout;
The mansion doors were opened, and the Queen of Song passed out.
Passed out to where the man lay whom she wrecked in days of yore;
To where the fates should leave their curse on her forever more.

She paused before the mansion gates to bid her last "Good-night,"
When she saw a golden locket sparkling in the bright moonlight.
Her own sweet girlish features from within that heart of gold
Brought back the past she thought was dead; forgotten vows were told;

Told how the heart she'd broken had suffered all those years;
How every little keepsake was baptized in bitter tears;
How the man who once had called her wife had sacrificed his name,
Became a tramp so that the world would never know her shame.

She knew her judgment day had come, she saw the hand of fate
That pointed to the lifeless form which lay there by the gate:

With face turned towards the star-lit sky, a smile so sweet
and sad;
She gave a shriek, her sentence came—the Queen of Song
was mad.

Her brain afire, her reason gone, and every vow she'd
made
Would haunt her conscience all through life: that was the
price she paid.
While the heart she broke so long ago, which died for its
own love,
Had passed to peace forever, with its Maker up above.

She knelt beside his lifeless form and sobbed just like a
child,
And in her troubled brain she thought she saw him
sweetly smile,
And lead her to the footlights, as he'd done so oft before.
She heard the gallery's grand applause which called for
her encore;

The stars were now her footlights, her audience was the
trees,
The introduction to her song was whispered by the breeze.
The night birds seemed to welcome her, as they joined
the merry throng,
To hear the last appearance of the grand old Queen of
Song.

And as her voice rang on the air, as sweet as silvery bells,
She sang life's sweetest ballad—*"In dear old California's
sunny dells."*

DEATH OF JOHN BARLEYCORN

San Francisco, June 31st

San Francisco "shook the shimmies"
'Till the whole town had the jimmies,
And then they shook poor old John Barleycorn;
For the booze just poured in showers,
And the slow music and flowers
Lasted till the wee small hours of the morn.

Then they took old Al. K. Hall, sir,
Backed him up against the wall, sir,
And when I saw him fall, sir, I'll admit,
He was not afraid to die, sir,
For he didn't bat an eye, sir,
But his lips were so darned dry he couldn't spit.

He was just as brave as Nero,
For at the fatal hour of zero,
He died, just like a hero, in his shoes.
But I 'most forgot to tell, sir,
He yelled just as he fell, sir:
"You can all go to——ll, sir, for your booze."

"THE SAMMY'S OATH"

I'M giving my life for you, old flag;
That is, if it needs to be;
And you bet I'll fight, and fight mighty hard,
For you and liberty.

For every star in your dear old flag
I'll account for a treacherous Hun;
For every stripe I'll do my best
To see that a battle is won.

You're going to be my Rosary,
Old Flag of the brave and free;
And when I've counted your last dear star,
I'll make you proud of me.

This is not the boast of the idle mind,
But the man who has figured it plain,
Who has counted the cost and is willing to pay,
So the rest of the world will gain.

To uphold the ideals for which you wave,
For the freedom of one and all,
You can count on me to fight like hell;
I'll be there at the bugle call.

And if the supreme sacrifice
Should be my lot to give;
Don't worry, I'll go with a smile on my lips,
So the free and the brave shall live.

"THE WASH OUT"

An old maid's lonely night gown
  Hung upon the backyard gate.
It flirted with the breezes
  Trying hard to find a mate.

But one dark night a gust of wind
  Sent by the hand of fate
Blew a bachelor's silk pyjamas
  To that same old backyard gate.

The combination on the gate
  Was gone next day at dawn,
And the shirts began to carry "tails"
  Of an elopement on the lawn.

Now time works many changes,
  So all the gossips state,
For now you'll find "small dollie clothes"
  On that same old backyard gate.

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE

A POOR old hungry bull dog
  Strolled into a butcher shop,
He was so dog-gonned skinny,
  That the butcher thought he'd drop,
So taking down a sausage link,
  He laid it on the floor,
But tears came to that bull dog's eyes,
  As they heard him sadly roar:

"That sausage used to be an old sweetheart of mine,
But it don't look much like the dog
I loved in auld lang syne,
Although I'm on starvation's brink,
I'll not eat that missing link,
Just because that sausage was
An old sweetheart of mine."

A violinist played a tune
  On his violin one day,
Those strains seemed quite familiar,
  To a tom cat o'er the way.
He recognized those cat gut strings,
  That moaned their tone so low,
They once belonged to his sweetheart,
  Not many years ago.

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE

He says, "You used to belong to an old love of mine,
But you were amputated in appendicitis time,
Though I get married every spring,
I love live cats, but oh, you string,
If I had ten lives to you I'd cling,
You old sweetheart of mine."

A farmer strolled out to the hen house,
  On Thanksgiving Day.
He says: "I'm going to kill that old hen
  If she doesn't lay."
A rooster whispered in the hen's ear,
  Quickly as could be,
"If you don't lay an egg, sweetheart,
  We'll both be fricassee."

"Just because you are an old sweetheart of mine,
Lay one little dinky egg and all will be sublime,
Just one stingy egg will do, or we'll both be in a stew,
If I could I'd lay one, too, you old sweetheart of mine."

A hair dresser cut the end off
  Of a milk cow's tail one day;
And made a dandy cork screw curl,
  To sell to some old jay.
A bald old maid soon purchased it,
  And wore it down the lane,
When an old bull recognized the curl
  And chased her back again.

He says: "That used to belong to an old love of mine,
Though styles have changed, it's now in front,
It once was worn behind."
The old maid slammed the door and cried,
"For Lord's sake tie that bull outside,"
But the poor old bull beefed till he died.
For that old sweetheart kine.

BOLSHEVIKI

ONCE a chap whose name was Mickey
Says: "I'll join the Bolsheviki,
And we'll show these Bosses quick'y
What is what.
We will do away with money,
We'll trade work for beans and honey,
We'll make cloudy days real sunny,
And why not?

"We'll all get a little nervy,
Turn this old world topsy-turvy,
Make all straight things a bit curvy,
For a change.
We'll put the top right on the bottom,
Let the Bosses know we've got 'em
And explain after we've shot 'em
Why it's strange.

"Just the minute that we're able,
We'll turn each bank into a stable,
And make History a fable,
For it's 'bunk.'
We'll turn each church into a brewery,
And have 'low brows' on each jury,
And when 'prohibs' show their fury—
Get 'em drunk!"

WHO WON THE FOOTBALL GAME?

A LITTLE grease spot marks the place where once two mighty hordes
Had fought with weapons to the death far mightier than swords;
With weapons far more fatal than the cannon's mighty roar,
More accurate than the boomerang or the rifle of the Boer.
'Twas not the famous Gatling-gun or the Mauser, known to all,
'Twas just a piece of pigskin known as the rugby ball.
They met Thanksgiving afternoon, these sturdy, stolid bands,
With chest protectors on their feet and brass knuckles on their hands,
And as each gave their college yell, likewise their mighty strut,
The grandstand vowed before 'twas thro' they'd eat each other up.
And the football bounded o'er the field as it ne'er had done before,
It knew it would have a kick coming, too, before the fray was o'er,
But see, they've made a mighty rush, and it's not to rush the can,
They meet, alas, the fight is o'er, there's not one living man;

WHO WON THE FOOTBALL GAME

Tho' the full back was a trifle full, he's now empty as a vase,
He looks as tho' both football teams had made a touchdown on his face.
And gazing o'er this battle ground, where combat once held sway,
A deathly silence reigns supreme as victor of the fray;
A left arm marks the spot of one who'd been the high school pride,
Still clasping in its mighty grasp, hair from the other side.
And here and there and everywhere are noses, ears and toes;
Each tells the tale of what they done to their unvanquished foes,
And I've studied from all points of view,
Until I'm most insane,
But stranger, what I'd like to know is,
Who in thunder won the game.

A NUTTY NUT STORY

Miss Hazel Nutt from Nuttingham,
Sold Nuts for a Nutty grocer man;
She had hazel nut eyes and chesnut hair—
She would look at the nuts with a nutty stare.
She sold hickory nuts to all the hicks
And cocoanuts to the bald headed micks;
She supported the whole Nutt family,
She was good as a nutty girl ought to be,
There was nothing but nuts in that nutty town,
The squirrels were chasing them round and round.
Every nut in town would follow her—
They all went nutty when she was near
'Twas on a bright nut sundae morn
In the Nutty house a Nutt was born,
And every nut for miles around
Came riding their chesnut nags to town,
But when they saw this little Nutt
He was drinking milk from a cocoanut.
Old chesnut christened him Niggertoe,
But old Ignuts, who had the dough,
Says, "We'll call him Doughnuts here and now,
Or else there'll be a nutty row."
He says, "I'm a nut, and you're a nut,
And every one in the house is a nut.
There's cocoa, pea, pecan and wall,
Old hickory, almond nut and all.

But nutmeg says I'm a greater nut
Than any nut in this nutty hut."
Then grapenuts forced his way through the door,
And the nuts all let out a nutty roar.
Old wagon nut flew off its nut;
He grabbed a shotgun by the butt,
He cracked old hickory over the nut,
And pitched him out of that nutty hut.
Old peanut grabbed a birch nut limb,
When pecan nut made a rush at him.
They slammed old walnut against the wall,
Hit chesnut's chest with a nut salad ball;
When old axle nut made a bolt for the door,
It made the whole Nutt family sore,
And every nut on the family tree
Was a raving nut at this jamboree.

"THE RUBE AT THE COUNTY FAIR"

I NEVER seen such a gosh durned time in all my whole career,
The town was full of strangers, an' the strangers were full of beer,
An' I guess the beer was full of hops, for the hop was full of dreams,
An' the dreams were full of night-mares, an' ten thousand different schemes.
It's all a pipe dream while you're there; when you leave you wake up to facts,
For you ain't got enough money left in your jeans for a chaw of "Battle Axe,"
There's all kinds of sharpers from A to Z, with all kinds of grafts on earth,
An' I was the biggest blame rube in the bunch, for they "gouged" me fer all I was worth.
They sold me balloons, an' canes, an' fans, till I swore I'd buy no more,
An' I throwed at them nigger dolls on the rack, till my whole durned sides were sore,
An' talk about side-shows and merry-go-rounds, well, I guess they were there with bells,
An' fellers that oughter be herdin' sheep, run skin games under walnut shells.
But the slickest guy in the whole blame bunch, an' the one that took my eyes,

Was the long-haired, wall-eyed medicine man, who was there "jist to advertise,"
He was goin' to give presents to everyone there, an' I thought he'd money to burn,
But mine burned a hole in my pocket; and I hardly could wait for my turn,
He started by sellin' three bars of soap, which make lather "jist like ice cream."
And altho' he said you could eat it, I wasn't much stuck on the scheme.
But I bought a box of it just the same, an' a box of his tooth powder, too,
When I told him I hadn't a tooth in my head, he said "It will grow in a few,"
And after he'd sold out three bottles of oil he gave back each blame ten cents,
An' the crowd all hollered and threw up their hats, for we thought that he was a prince.
Then he started a-sellin' some electric belts; they cost you a dollar a-piece,
An' it seemed like every blame man at the fair flocked 'round him jist like geese.
They pushed an' shoved an' tugged away, an' I crowded with all my might,
For I 'lowed to have an electric belt, if I had to stay there all night.
He said he'd give every one a prize, as 'twas "jist to advertise,"
An' I thought he'd do like he did before, so I paid my coin an' looked wise.
He gave a blue ticket with every belt, which entitled you to the prize,

An' kept flashing his bank roll between every sale, just merely to jolly us guys.
Well, stranger, you'd been surprised at the sale; but he durned near bankrupped the town,
He told 'em they'd all have electric lights, if they wore them ere belts around,
An' when he got ready to give out the prize, now you might think I'm using bad dope,
But instead of the dollar we all thought we'd get, he gave us a "bar of soap,"
An' he left the whole gang standin' there, not realizin' what he'd done,
Jist watchin' him drivin' off down the road, that long-haired son-of-a-gun;
An' I'll bet the devil's a-wearin' a belt when that medicine man gets there;
But I hope to goodness if I get there, too, they won't have a County Fair.

K 9

A POOR old hungry dog lay sleeping on the railroad track,
The only friend that stuck to him was a flea upon his back,
And dreams of good old T-bone steaks went coursing through his brain,
And as he slept in sweet repose, he didn't hear the train.
The train came dashing round the curve, the train crew held their breath,
It seemed the trees commenced to bow at that impending death,
The engineer jumped to his post, the fireman to his seat,
The poor old canine little dreamed he'd soon be sausage meat.
A sudden crash, a sickening thud; the train passed out of sight
And "fifty-seven" kinds of dog lay in the pale moonlight.
And like a true friend to the last, on each piece the flea dined,
Then wrote upon the railroad tie, "He's the finest of his kind,
His name in life was 'only Bill,' in death it's changed for fair,
Instead of 'only Bill,' it's now 'Bill-Ony,' 'Bill of fare.'"

WHISKY BILL

Whisky Bill, the human "still,"
  Came down to the town of Sutter;
And after Bill had drunk his fill,
  He laid down in the gutter.

But the citizens of Sutter Creek
  Indignantly did mutter
That Whisky Bill from Jacksonville
  Could not reside in Sutter.

So Whisky Bill to Jacksonville
  Was sent in a coal wagon;
The driver took a good supply
  So Bill could keep a jag on.

When Jacksonville saw Whisky Bill,
  They held a big mass meeting;
The mayor of that mining town
  Addressed it with this greeting:

"Fellow hens, and citizens,
  We must protest to Sutter,
For this town is no dumping ground
  When they want to clean their gutter.

"While Whisky Bill, the human 'still,'
  Is far too drunk to utter,
We'll make a rack, and *carry* him back
  To that one horse town of Sutter."

So up the hill from Jacksonville,
  With all their hearts a-flutter,
This bold parade, quite unafraid,
  Hiked for the town of Sutter.

But just half way, to their dismay,
  They heard a distant mutter,
'Twas delegates with proclamates,
  Sent from the town of Sutter.

And when they met, I'll ne'er forget,
  'Twas like a peal of thunder;
They each gave vent to argument,
  To snow the other under.

Says Jacksonville: "This human 'still'
  Is a citizen of Sutter,
And they could see the same as we
  Were their heads not filled with butter."

When Sutter Creek was heard to speak,
  She didn't even stutter;
But said that Bill from Jacksonville
  Could not pollute their gutter.

They argued right through day and night
  Without the least desistance,
When Whisky Bill, the human "still,"
  Came to both town's assistance.

"I'm sober now, and anyhow,
  Since *both* towns want no liquor,
I've got a plan that's simply grand,
  For no plan could be slicker.

"Don't be deceived, I too, believe
  You should have prohibition;
I'll show you how, if you'll allow,
  That is, with your permission.

"Suppose you buy both town's supply,
  And bring each keg and bottle;
And I'll agree to store it free
  By pouring it down my throttle.

"You all can see, with no whisky,
  Or beer, at your disposal,
You'll be bone dry, so why not try
  This scheme,—that's my proposal."

Both towns agreed, and with great speed
  They loaded every wagon;
And Whisky Bill, the human "still,"
  Prepared to get a jag on.

He didn't stall, but drank it all,
  And never changed a feature;
And when the last wee drop had passed,
  He was sober as a preacher.

They heard him roar: "Bring on some more,
  Be careful and don't waste it;
Bring the supply, for I'm so dry
  I've just begun to taste it."

WHISKY BILL

They told Whisky Bill that Jacksonville
  Was dry and so was Sutter;
His face turned red, he dropped stone dead,
  For his heart refused to flutter.

To their surprise, poor Bill's demise
  "Commenced" the row all over,
For each town proved the other one
  Should plant him 'neath the clover.

And Jacksonville yelled loud and shrill:
  "That bonehead town of Sutter,
Can bury Bill upon their hill
  Or leave him in their gutter."

And Sutter Creek let out a shriek
  That shook each hill and valley;
They cussed and discussed Jackson
  From its mainstreets to each alley.

One speaker said: "The town's so dead
  It's now a cemetery.
Their whisky killed poor Whisky Bill
  So it's up to them to bury."

And pro and con, they argued on
  'Till all were in a fury;
When finally someone proposed
  They leave it to a jury.

Quite odd, indeed, but all agreed
  That Bill was so well pickled,
He'd keep serene till Court convened,
  And all seemed greatly tickled.

But strange to say, the very day
  That Court began its session,
The State went dry, and I imply
  It was a mute confession

That Whisky Bill, the human "still,"
  Was prohibition's starter;
He drank towns dry, and died thereby
  To prove himself a martyr.

When Court began, most every man
  From Jacksonville to Sutter,
Had learned a speech that he could screech
  Without the slightest stutter.

The County Clerk began to shirk,
  He claimed this record breaker
Of witnesses could be sworn best
  By twenty census takers.

They were short and tall, and large and small,
  Fat, lean, betwixt, and lanky,
With every race on this earth's face
  From Chinese to a Yankee.

And by the time they got in line,
  The Judge was in a fury;
There wasn't anybody left
  To serve upon the jury.

His fist was clenched. he hit the bench,
  And bellowed like a claxon;
He called curses down on both these towns
  Of Sutter Creek and Jackson.

He says: "This is a civil war
  That's decidedly uncivil,
And as far as I'm concerned you folks
  Can all go to the divil."

And then the argument began
  Up spoke a gent from Sutter,
"We need no jury to decide
  Who'll sleep within our gutter."

And Jacksonville could not keep still
  But vociferously did mutter,
"No jury ever could decide
  We bury stiffs from Sutter."

They argued 'til the Judge's beard
  Grew down beneath his trousers;
It sounded like a battle fought
  With machine guns, mines, and mausers.

And Whisky Bill had lain so still
  That both the towns had missed him,
And by evaporation all the booze
  Oozed from his system.

His heart that had been petrified
  By gin, rum, wine and whisky
Began to thump him back to life,
  And Bill raised up quite frisky.

He strolled into the Courthouse,
  In the midst of all the fury,
He hollered loud above the crowd:
  "Folks, never mind the jury.

"I've waited for old 'Gabe' to blow,
  A welcome with his trumpet,
I've been waitin' for old 'Satan'
  To say: 'Take this load and dump it.'

"I've waited still for Jacksonville
  To heed the wish of Sutter,
I laid so meek for Sutter Creek
  To agree with Jackson's mutter.

"And since Heaven, Hell, and these two burgs
  Will grant me no admission,
  I'm durned if I'll lay high and dry,
  As a deadhead exhibition.

"Bring on the booze, no time to lose,
  We'll toast my resurrection."
But he heard the cry: "The whole State's dry,
  Ever since the last election."

To prove it true, what did they do
  But bring a "near beer toddy"
A smell, a yell, and what the——well
  It poisoned his whole body.

He says: "I see it's off with me,
  But I'll give each earthly fixture,
If you can tell me where in hell
  They ever found that mixture.

"Boys, take me down to Stocton Town,
  Where they've got a Crematory;
And there I'll lay 'til Judgment Day
  As ashes, in my glory.

You're all aware, I did my share
  To go where Fate assigned me
But that awful drink has made me think
  I'm not leaving much behind me.

"Before Heaven, Hell, and this old earth,
  I make this bold admission,
I'd rather be a charcoal
  Than stand for such 'prohibition.'"

Dear Critic:
  Some lines I rhymed in double time,
  And then again just single,
  Some folks who read, like lines indeed
  Where everything's a jingle.
  Before you guess, I'll now confess
  Just why I changed the metre,
  If each line rhymed a dozen times
  You'd get dizzy as a teeter;
  And folks might think you'd had a drink
  Like "Bill" if your tongue twisted;
  And that is why, each time I'd try
  The Muse firmly resisted.
  So those who pause to pick out flaws
  Will understand the reason,
  This alibi, I hope will try
  And show them in due season.
  And to others who don't care a sou
  If a metre's worth a tinker,
  You'll all agree, I'm sure, with me
  That Bill was quite *some* drinker.

THAT JITNEY BUS OF MINE

I've cussed it and I've mussed it,
  And I've pushed it down the road;
I've coaxed it and I've hoaxed it,
  And I've even packed its load.

I've cranked it and I've spanked it
  And I've begged the thing to run;
I've tried everything from Fall to Spring
  That ever has been done.

When I write about the cussed thing,
  From front to rearmost wheel;
I have to change the metre
  To express just how I feel.

I've warmed the carburettor,
  With hot water by the pail;
I've primed it with directions
  That were never known to fail.

I've cleaned up every spark plug,
  I've even bathed it in the sun;
And when I got through nursing it
  The blamed thing wouldn't run.

THAT JITNEY BUS OF MINE

I've even strained its gasoline,
  I've put perfume in its oil;
I've manicured the battery,
  And tied ribbon on the coil.

I've kept it like a pig pen,
  So my friends would feel at home;
And when I'd want to show it off,
  The blame thing wouldn't "roam."

I've prayed for thieves to steal it,
  So they'd get stung by the deal;
But if they tried to start it,
  They could never turn a wheel.

If I only had an enemy
  Just to give him that machine;
I'd know I had the best of him
  By everything that's mean.

I'd dump it in the river;
  But I'd know when that was done,
It would pollute all of the water
  Till the salmon *couldn't run.*

"THE IMMORTAL COOTIE"

THE mulligan was steaming and the java it was hot,
And "Hobo Red" was jabbing ties beneath the banquet pot,
While "Filthy Pete" was snoring with his back against a tree,
And the hobo camp was peaceful, as a hobo camp should be.
That is, it all seemed quite serene as far as laymen see,
But not to "high-brows" who were versed in Hobo-ology.
The silence gave mute evidence of discordant undertone,
And wounded hobo dignity just had to "pick its bone."
Propriety was outraged, and "Red's" feelings were hurt
For the "Dawson Kid" was airing all the cooties on his shirt.
Says "Dago Frank," "That's one real jinks, you'll meet a tragic end,
It always comes to every "bo" who kills his bosom friend,
I remember well when 'Fresno Slim' fell underneath the freight,
And 'Rusty Smith' got lockjaw from a dog in Utah State.
They both had broken every vow that our 'fratern' has kept,
By murdering their 'seam squirrels' with a dose of anti-cept."
"Aw, cut that pulpit stuff, Frank," said "Dawson" with a sneer,

"I don't believe in hodoo's and I've hoboed 'leven year.
Why, I've killed 'em and I've coal 'iled 'em, I've even changed my shirt.
I've rode the rods to hell and back and never have been hurt;
I've been entertained in every jail from here to Mexico,
I've got hand-outs from Vancouver to that burg called Buffalo.
Now all you guys lay off of me, or you'll get just what you need,
I don't intend to kill 'em all, I'll leave enough to breed;
Go on and fix the 'fodder' for I'm hungry as a bear,
And let me finish this parade for it's durn cold in the air."
So "Red" stirred up the mulligan and burned his left lunch hook
And offered up a favorite prayer you'll not find in the Book.
Then "T-Bone" Slivers joined the bunch with a bundle 'neath each arm,
'Twas a flock o' grub he'd borrowed from a "Philanth" on the farm.
So "Red" spread all the banquet out on nature's table-cloth,
And all the hobos clustered just to "gurgle down the froth."
Old "Pete," caressed his tattered coat, and turned the collar up,
And played a regular symphony as he gulped the second cup.
Says "Dawson," "There's a message in the frosty chilly morn
That seems to say I'm needed down in Sunny Californ',

This bitin' air of Canada has slipped me my conje,
So I'm goin' to grab the rattler when the cow train heads this way."
"Sit down and eat," says "Dago," "or you'll get left in the cold
For 'Filthy Pete' is flirting with about his seventh bowl."
Just then a red hot coal pops out and goes down "Dawson's pants,
And all the grub was tramped to death beneath his tragic dance.
The coffee gave it's dying kick by scalding both his knees,
The last warm breath of mulligan soon faded on the breeze.
The camp looked just like "No Man's Land" when the tanks had made their stand,
The air was full of cuss words never heard by mortal man.
They all jumped on the "Dawson Kid" and kicked him black and blue,
Then rolled him in the mulligan to try and bring him to.
And when his eyes were opened they heard him softly say,
"Boys, dump me in a box car that is headed Frisco way,
I see where 'Dago Frank' was right, the hoodoos hold their sway,
The cootie is a sacred bird from now till judgment day.
And when I'm rambling toward the south (though your feelin's all are hurt)
I'll make amends and 'pologize to each one on my shirt.
I'll hug 'em and caress 'em like a mother her first born,
And I promise I'll not take a bath *'Till Gabriel blows his horn."*

IN TALLGRASSVILLE

Ever sit in meditation
At a little tall grass station
For a ticket home and three square meals a day,
While the landlord of the "beanery"
Gloms your wardrobe and your scenery
And the baggageman is beefing 'bout his pay?
If the neighbors had just "hovered"
All the bills you could have covered,
And you'd had enough to get to the next stand.
When some rube you feel like flayin'
Says, "If you'd cum round last hayin"
Or else, "B'Gosh you ought to brung a band."
Then the cook you gave the passes,
Roasts you bout the two "Prop glasses"
And says, "He knew durn well the show was bum"
While they jabber like a parrot
You just have to grin and bear it.
Then it's hard to keep your humor in good plumb;
What's the use to get disgusted,
It's no disgrace if you are busted,
But it's mighty inconvenient we'll admit,
Don't get weak and be a "Cougher"
Though 'tis hell to be a pauper,
For that's the time you want to show your grit;
Just imagine they are supers
And that you're a real live trouper,

Swell up and wear a smile from ear to ear.
Tell 'em something that will please 'em,
That you'll square up all next season
And you'll carry your own audience next year.
You can still be on the level
And just kid them like the devil,
For you'll find the old "Bull con" will always pay,
Then just start some tune a humming
When you hear the engine coming,
Then make your little quiet "Get away."

SINCE THE "MOVING PICS" HOLD SWAY

When a trouper's got a "nickel" with a "dollar" appetite,
And his stomach starts a growling for 'most everything in sight.
He looks into the window of a little bum cafe
And his mouth just starts to water, but his pocket book says "nay."
And he dreams of good old "T-bones" that he killed in days of yore,
And the banquets with "chickens" whet his appetite the more.
And he hugs the lonesome nickel with a miser's fond "caress,"
And the doughnuts seem to murmur, "Bo, this is the right address."
He grips his belt the tighter, and tries some tune to hum.
And cusses "Moving Pics" for putting "show biz" on the bum;
And the doughnuts keep on smiling in their luring sort of way,
And the odor of the Java takes him back to yesterday.
'Tis a dream to him far sweeter than the famous "twilight sleep,"
But with grim determination he resolves that he will keep
That poor old lonesome nickel for a far off rainy day
For dates are scarce as hens' teeth since the "moving pics" hold sway.

THESPIAN GHOSTS

THERE is a graveyard on the coast
  Where scores of troupers go,
And on the tombstones found within
  Are names of many shows.

You'll find relics there of opera troupes
  Who have fallen by the way;
And ghosts of silenced vaudevilles
  Do stunts the livelong day.

And here and there you'll find the graves
  Of poor old Repertoires;
I supposed that they've re-organized
  Upon the golden shores.

The billboards have gone to decay,
  Their Lithos are no more;
The only bills that still remain
  Are hotel bills galore.

Now the Good Book says that up above
  They'll all invited be;
I'd like to sit in the bald-headed row
  At that professional matinee;

For some shrewd manager, up above,
  Tho' he made a frost below,
Will have them signed at "Fifteen" per,
  To give a continuous show.

But if he intends to tour "Hell,"
  And make a few stands on the earth,
You may depend that he'll get wise
  And give "Chehalis" a wide berth.

RHYMING BILL

RHYMING BILL the village sage sat on a dry goods box,
He gave his pants a mighty heave to show his spotted sox,
He opened up the "Weekly Squak" to read his latest "Pome"
And visions of undying fame were foremost in his dome,
He read it through with knitted brow then gave his usual spit
And says: "These Linotype' machines kaint spell a cussed bit,
They've changed the whole blame metre till it doesn't jazz at all,
They left the best line out, I had, about 'after the bawl,'
It ain't no use to rack your brain for jingly words that rhyme,
Fer some durn low-browed printer's sure to spile it every time
And then some half brained critic
Who's wrote nuthin' himself
Will say your stuff is putrid and should be laid on the shelf.
Hereafter I'll write what I want, I won't take any pains,
I'll jist ignore critics and I'll write fer folks with brains,
As long as I have got a 'punch' and 'red blood' in my stuff
The folks who pay their coin to read will say, it's quite enough.

But the quickest way fer me, to fame, is to shoot that
printer gink,
That jazzes all my poems up till critics say they stink
I'll be doin' Bards a favor and I'll get the whole world's
vote
For then the human race can read each poem *As It's
Rote.*"

McDONALD AND THE RAT

You've heard of Jack McDonald,
The one time famed legit,
Who, just to make show business mad,
Decided he would quit.
Then he pranced before the camera,
So future tongues could tell
That all the talent left this world
When McDonald went to hell.
And then he cast his paints aside
And took the choo-choo train,
And rambled back to 'Frisco
To start life o'er again.
He raised his right hand above his head,
And swore a mighty swear,
And all the barkeeps quaked with fear,
When Jack said: "Have a care
I'm going to be a prohibish,
And put down all the booze,
So the future straight and narrow path
Won't be marked with drunkard's shoes.
I'll see that all saloons are closed;
I'll buy up the supply;
And then I'll pour it down my throat
To make the State go dry."
Just then a rat jumped on his coat,
And nestled near his chest,
He cried: "Ye gods! I've got 'em!"

As he stripped down to his vest,
And when he saw it was a rat,
Like an acrobatic star,
He did a double somersault
To the middle of the bar.
His face assumed a deathly white,
His eyes filled up with tears;
'Twas the first time he'd been sobered up
For almost twenty years.
He cried: "I've tried all kinds of brands,
Seen more snakes than you can tell,
But show me the brand that produced the rat,
And prohibition can go to hell."

THE SPIRIT OF ROTARY

In the midst of jest it is always best
  To have one serious thought.
So mine is regarding Rotary
  And the wonderful good it brought.
And all of you Rotarians
  Are earning your place in the sun.
You are writing your name on the tablet of fame
  By the real human deeds you've done.
There's no use to wait till a man is dead
  To give him the credit that's due,
And that is the reason that every town
  Should take off its hat to you.
You've accepted a work that is noblest of all,
  "Doing good for the good you can do."
Your monument will be a "better world"
  When all of your labors are through.
You're proving that "live men bury the dead,"
  So let this be your motto on earth:
"He who gives is he who lives
  To get his money's worth."

WHEN AN ELK'S AN ELK

THE simple obligation doesn't make a man an Elk,
  It isn't simply signing up your name;
It's living all the wondrous deeds the ritual speaks about,
  And helping others in life's busy game.

When a herd winds slowly o'er the range,
Each one pursues his course;
But if any kind of trouble should appear,
The strong protects the weaker one,
No matter what the odds.

And that's the Elkdom spirit we hold dear,
So read those obligations and figure each one out;
Do unto others all the good you can,
And then you'll realize just what it means to be an Elk;
You'll find B.P.O.E. stand for a "MAN."

IN MEMORY

Dedicated to the B. P. O. E. Lodge

At eleven o'clock we give a thought,
  To those who have gone before,
Once every year we bring them back,
  As they were in days of yore.

We remember all the deeds they did,
  We recall each smiling face,
We picture them as they were in life
  For each left a vacant place.

A place we keep green in memory,
  A place no one else can fill,
But our thoughts are a monument to them,
  Who've gone "over the top" of life's hill.

At eleven o'clock a silent prayer
  Is offered to Him above,
For those who have joined the Silent Herd
  To remind them of our love.

And when we've joined that Silent Herd
  No prouder thought can be,
Than to know we live in memory
  Of the great B. P. O. E.

PIERRE MARCHANDE

'Twas a miserable night in the Prison Camp
  In back of the German lines;
The big Uhlan Guard was cursing fate
  For his watching the Allied "Schwein";
There were prisoners from far off Canada,
  And the "Land of the Kangaroo";
There were Irish, Scotch, and Britishers,
  Some French and Yankees, too.
And they huddled down on the barren ground,
  A half starved, shivering mass,
Hoping to God that a bomb would drop
  From some aeroplane that passed.
The corral was made with electric wires
  On which sharp barbs suspend,
And every man who tried to escape
  Had met a sudden end.
But every day some careworn cuss,
  Half crazed from this Hell on earth,
Would dash himself against that fence
  While the Uhlan chuckled with mirth.
And if ever a fiend incarnate
  Was sent to taunt men's souls,
This Uhlan was the Masterstroke
  That came from the Devil's moulds.
There wasn't one human feature
  That was left on his cynical face;

He could watch men die for the want of a drink,
  And smile with an Angel's grace.
In the last addition of prisoners
  That was brought in by the Huns,
Was a giant Texan Cowboy,
  Who came from the Land of Guns.
With the fighting heart of a tiger,
  With muscles like tempered steel,
The sight of that bullying Uhlan
  Made the blood tingle down to his heel;
He had stood the taunts and the jeering,
  With never an outward sign,
But he told himself that the Uhlan guard
  Had reached the end of his line.
God! how he hated that Uhlan,
  And the impulse within him that night
Just made him long for a chance against odds
  In any kind of a fight.
But he knew with those wires between them
  There wasn't a ghost of a show,
For his strength would go the starvation route
  In another week or so.
So he settled down on the cold damp ground
  With his head resting on his knees,
And a thunderstorm appeared in the sky
  To add to their misery.
That night as the Guard was making his rounds
  Lest the Yankee should forget,
He threw a stone, but the Cowboy said:
  "Don't fear, I'll get you yet!"
And the storm raged on in its fury
  'Till one of that half crazed throng

Asked the Texan: "Are the Germans right,
  Is the rest of the world all wrong?"
With a voice brimful of confidence,
  That expressed more than words in its tone
That is backed by the long experience
  Of the man who has battled alone,
Who has staked his life with a ghost of a chance
  And won because he dared,
The Texan said to the half crazed man,
  And his eyes just fairly glared:
"Don't lose your nerve, old comrade,
  Our time is coming yet;
A fight is not lost 'till the finish
  And these Huns will get theirs, you bet!
If there still is a just God above us
  Who fights on the side of Right,
All I ask is just one little chance
  To mix with that Uhlan to-night."

In a twinkling, a peal of thunder
  That shook the very sod
Gave away to a flash of lightning
  As though sent by the hand of God.
It landed square on those electric wires,
  And destroyed the dynamo,
And both the Huns in the lookout Tower
  Were knocked senseless by the blow.
The second flash of lightning,
  Lit up the whole Prison yard,
And the Texan caught a glimpse through the fence
  Of the burly Uhlan Guard.
God! how he'd longed for that moment!
  It seemed like he'd waited an age,

And with one bound he went over the fence
  Like a tiger from its cage.
The Uhlan fired just one shot
  But his pistol missed the mark,
And the rest of the fight to a finish
  Was hidden in the dark.
But between the storm's sobbing and moaning,
  You could hear the Hun gasping for breath,
For the big Texan slowly but surely
  Was choking the Uhlan to death.

When the storm had passed on in its fury,
  And Dawn had usurped the night,
The ghastly form of the Uhlan Guard
  Presented a horrible sight.
Instead of that mocking, triumphant smile,
  There was a terrified look of fear
That symbolized what the Huns would be
  Inside of another year.
And the Texan who had wreaked his vengeance
  On this taunting hound of Hell
Was many miles toward the Allied Lines
  Near a humble Cot in a dell.
He looked in through the window,
  And the sight that met his eye
Just took him back to a Texas ranch
  And recalled a fond "Good-bye."
'Twas a mother with three little children
  Who were hovered around her knee;
As he watched her dry the tears from her eyes,
  He wondered who she could be,

Well—
  Jeanne was a daughter of Sunny France,
She helped to till the sod;
  Two beautiful girls and an angel boy
Was her precious gift from God.
  The girls she loved with a mother's love,
But of the boy she was even more fond,
  For he was the image of Pierre Marchande
Who had passed to the Great Beyond.
  When war spread its blight o'er this sun-kissed land,
And France called for her sons,
  Pierre Marchande with the heart of a man
Was the first to shoulder a gun.
  As he kissed Jeanne and his two little girls,
He fought the tears from his eye,
  But he sobbed like, a child with a broken heart,
As he bade his boy "Good-bye."
  But he crossed himself as he marched away,
And he offered a silent prayer,
  That God would be kind to Jeanne and the girls,
And the pride of his life, "Piérre."

Since then four years had come and gone
  Which were long as a life well spent;
Four years 'neath the rule of the bullying Hun,
  Great God! what a lot that meant!
Four years of hunger and misery—
  Four years of curses and cold—
Four years that will go down in History
  As four years that can never be told.
And Jeanne had gone through these years of Hell
  With the true Frenchwoman's pride,
And every night by a dim candle light
  She'd take out a careworn letter

That was written by Pierre Marchande
  On the very night he passed away
At the "Hopital le Grand";
  It read:—

"Dear Little Mother,
I'm writing to you and the kiddies,
  For the last time in this life;
I fell for the France that I worship,
  For you and the girls I adore,
For my little Pierre, God Bless him!
  And although we'll not meet any more,
I know it will comfort and cheer you
  To learn that the Yankees are here,
With their help, and that of the British
  You'll see Victory inside of a year.
Kiss both of my dear little girlies,
  Press little Pierre to your heart,

Be a brave little woman, my darling,
  And although we are going to part,
I'll meet you again up in Heaven.
  Be brave dear, the rest of your life;
Remember the golden To-morrow—
  Good-night, and Good-bye, darling wife."
This was the letter she cherished,
  It was tear-stained on every part;
It was smuggled to her by a prisoner,
  And she kept it so close to her heart;
And while some would have asked: "Is this Justice?
  Is there really a God after all?"
Jeanne kept her faith in her Maker,
  And she knew He would answer her call.

And then with her brood to her bosom,
  They'd all bow their heads in prayer,
And ask God to guide all their footsteps
  Until they should join Pierre.

As the Texan took in the surroundings,
  A big lump came up in his throat;
And he wasn't ashamed of the honest tears
  On the sleeve of his tattered coat.
For the empty halls and the barren walls,
  And the raggedy rugs on the floor,
All told of the battle that Jeanne had fought
  To keep the wolf from the door.
But she never complained or pitied herself,
  And like all women good to the core,
She found her reward in the deeds she did
  And she asked for nothing more.

The Texan tapped on the window,
  And the Frenchwoman opened the door;
She knew he was one of the Allies
  By the uniform he wore.
And although they spoke different languages,
  Their eyes read each other's soul,
And sympathy's bond seemed to tell them
  They were fighting toward the same goal.
All day the guns belched and thundered,
  And the Cowboy could tell by the sound,
That Foch and his work was counting,
  For the Allies were gaining ground.
And he knew that the German soldiers
  Would "raze" every house in sight,
As they drove the civilians farther back
  To prepare for another fight.

When the Frenchwoman scented the danger,
  A new terror entered her heart;
She pictured more untold miseries,
  And perhaps she would have to part
From little Marie and Flora—
  From her own darling boy, Pierre,
She sank on to the old fashioned sofa,
  And buried her head in despair.
And the Texan soon figured the meaning,
  And gently he pressed her arm,
To assure her he'd do his utmost
  To save her and the kiddies from harm.
Then he drew down the blinds on the window,
  To shut out the view of the yard,
As he fingered the German revolver
  That belonged to the Uhlan Guard.

When the horses' hoofs in the distance,
  Proved the Germans were drawing near,
He hid himself in a closet
  And motioned them not to fear.
An officer and three soldiers
  Dismounted in front of the door,
And entered the house to take everything
  That wasn't nailed down to the floor.
They ripped curtains off the window,
  Took the bedclothes all off the bed;
And the officer reached for a picture
  That was hanging above his head;
And Jeanne on her knees plead for mercy—
  'Twas the picture of Pierre Marchande;
But the cruel Hun brought the blood to her head
  With a blow from his brawny hand.

Four shots rang out from the closet;
  Three Germans dropped to the floor,
And the mighty Texan sprang like a wolf
  On the officer by the door.
And little Pierre of the jet black hair
  Was changed into a man,
  His fists were clenched and he yelled in French;
  "Vive, l'Americain!"

As they fell to the floor, the German sword
  Cut a gash in the Texan's side,
But he fought with that power that comes to a man
  When a fiend has crawled into his hide.
They kicked over the table, and knocked down the stove;
  The sword slid in under a chair,
When the German rolled from the Texan's grip,
  He found it wasn't there;
For little Pierre of the jet black hair
  Had it raised above his head,
And he brought it down with all his might
  And struck the German dead.
Then the Texan, faint from loss of blood,
  Pulled himself up by a chair;
He looked at the boy with a smile and said;
  "God Bless You! Little Pierre!"
From the distance, the sound of rushing men
  Caused Jeanne to quake with fear;
But 'twas music to the Texan's ears,
  For he knew who was drawing near.
'Twas the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack
  Who'd been fighting side by side;
As the boys rushed on in a human flood,
  The Texan swelled with pride;

Two Canucks and a Yank bolted in through the door
  And sized everything up at a glance;
Then they tenderly picked the Texan up
  To learn the circumstance.
They looked at the Germans dead on the floor
  And a Canuck says: "Yank, you're there!"
But the Texan replied: "Boys, I'm a boob,
  Give the credit to 'Little Pierre'."
They gave him "First aid to the injured";
  He told the Frenchwoman "Good-bye",
And hugged the three little kiddies,
  As he brushed the tear from his eye.
Next day when they reached the Hospital,
  The avenues were lined,
And they learned from the shouting multitude
  That the Armistice was signed.

The Texan shrugged his shoulders,
  And smiled at a wounded "pard"
And says: "I'm glad they waited
  'Til I got that Uhlan Guard!"
And that night, the little French mother
  Cuddled little Pierre and the girls to her breast,
And thanked God for sending the Victory,
  And asked that the Texan be blessed.
Once more she read them the letter,
  Then tenderly laid it away;
And after she'd tucked them all in bed,
  She crossed herself to pray.
She prayed that God would guide their lives,
  So when they passed to the Great Beyond
Their deeds would live as a monument
  To the memory of Pierre Marchande.

"THE UNION JACK"

THERE'S a call to arms from across the sea,
  There's just time to say good-bye,
There's a country calling for her sons,
  It's time to do or die.
Kiss the tear drops from your mother's cheek,
  Bid your sweetheart fond adieu,
And when you come back, with the Union Jack,
  They will all be proud of you.

So come, England's sons,
It's time to shoulder your guns,
  And march away to war.
Hear the old bugle call,
Fall in line one and all,
  It is freedom you're fighting for.
When the war flag is unfurled,
It's time to prove to the world
  That Britons do not turn back;
And every mother's son
Will be the man behind the gun—
  We'll make them all salute the Union Jack.

There's a navy on the briny deep,
  She's the greatest in the world,
You can tell what country's proud of her,
  By the flag you see unfurled.
And the men who stand behind the guns,
  Although some may not come back,
They'll go to their grave like heroes brave,
  For that dear old "Union Jack."

CANADA.

Oh, Canada, you gave your sons to fight for liberty,
The flower of the Maple Leaf you sent across the sea:
And the silent graves in Flanders tell how well you did your share,
For they wrote your name in history by their valor "Over There."
From boundary line to boundary line they heard your battle cry,
And rushed to your protection, they were not afraid to die;
The world owes them a mighty debt that never can be paid,
But let us not forget the spot where every one is laid.
Let's search the fields of sunny France where all the flowers grow,
And not leave one neglected; so all the world will know,
"Here lies a son of Canada who gave his life, his all,
And placed the dear old Maple Leaf on Fame's undying wall.
They made this world worth living in,
So let their flowery sod
Become the sacred altar
Between every man and God."

"OUR BOYS"

Now that the war is over,
  Now that the victory is won;
Let's all get together and show real thanks
  To the soldiers who shouldered the gun.
Let's give them the credit that's due them;
  Let's show them we don't forget;
    Let's welcome them home,
    From that hell o'er the foam;
  Let's start in to pay *Our Debt,*

Let's do all we can for their comfort;
  Go the limit for every one.
For all we can spare is small to compare
  With what those brave soldiers have done.
Let's find them all jobs to their liking;
  Let's help with a good fellow's vim;
    Let's open our eyes
    And be "regular guys,"
  And prove that we're worthy of them.

HOW THAT WOMAN COULD LOVE

She sat at the table opposite,
  Her eyes were as black as coal,
The effect of the sparkling Burgundy
  Lay bare her passionate soul.
And she smiled as only the woman can smile,
  Who has paid the price for desire,
With a tilt of the head and pouting lips,
  Great guns, how it set me afire!
And I was the poor weak mortal
  Who had just landed in from the hills,
With a pent up fire consuming my blood,
  For a woman's embrace and its thrills.
Her glance brought the red flush to my cheeks,
  As though drunk on a rare old wine,
I'd have given my soul for a touch of her hand,
  The minute her eyes met mine.
She was the girl I had longed for,
  Each night by the cabin fire,
I'd seen that same smile in the embers glow
  That had whetted my heart's desire.
It had spurred me on in the digging,
  Far more than the greed for gold,
God, how I wanted that woman,
  I forgot all the hunger and cold,
And after I'd filled up the buckskin,
  And mushed to the din and the glare,

It seemed like my dream was reality,
  As I stared at her sitting there.
She motioned me up to the curtained box,
  And ordered a bottle of wine,
And made me forget everything but her,
  As she pressed her lips to mine.
'Twas just one lingering, passionate kiss
  Till my brain was in a whirl,
There was no one else in the whole blame world,
  Just me and this dance-hall girl.
Well,—I didn't wake up for about four days,
  For they slipped something into my booze,
And when I felt for my nuggets and dust,
  The bartender says, "You lose."
And "she of the eyes" had vamoosed outside
  With that eight months' "clean-up" of mine,
Just peddling that smile to some lonely cuss,
  Who had hungered for women and wine.
And I don't give a damn for the gold dust she took,
  There's more on the hills above,
But I'll tell the whole world that she was "Some Kid,"
  Oh, boy, how that woman could love.

THE GIRL

GEE, what mistakes a fellow makes
  As he sails down the stream of life;
He looks out o'er the foam, and longs for a home,
  And a sweet little loving wife.

He pictures a cute little bungalow
  Near a rainbow of sunshine and joys;
In fancy he sees, 'neath the Jasmine trees,
  A dear little kiddie's toys.

And the hum of the bees and the breath of the breeze
  Lulls his soul to Paradise;
But he passes them up for the club and the cup;
  Ah, God! what a sacrifice,

And in all after years, as he smiles through his tears,
  Just fighting it out alone;
He cares naught for the world, he just longs for the girl,
  For someone to call his own;

And he searches life's stream, for the same golden dream,
  But alas! it's too late to find;
The rainbow has vanished, life's flowers are gone,
  With the girl that he left behind.

THINGS THAT YOU CAN'T FORGET

I CALLED to see a pal of mine,
  In his "once happy" little home;
But instead of his wife and baby there
  I found him all alone.

The house seemed deserted, and try as I would,
  I could not dispel the gloom;
And I found him musing o'er old keepsakes
  In the little dining room.

The place seemed untidy and disarranged,
  The flowers all needed care;
And the tell-tale dust on the furniture
  Told a woman was missing there.

Each picture that hung on the tinted wall
  Told a story of by-gone days;
And I shared his sorrows with all my heart
  As he says, "Jack, she went away;

It is just one week since she left her home,
  Which I've worked hard to build for years";
And as he looked up at her photograph
  I saw in his eyes, bitter tears.

And I thought it would soothe his aching heart,
  For I knew that he loved her true.
And I says to him, "Jim, who's the wretch she admires?"
  And he coolly replied, "'Tis you."

My heart 'most stood still as he spoke those words,
  I could hardly keep back, "You lie."
But I seemed to feel guilty tho' innocent,
  When I thought of the days gone by.

'Twas true we'd been sweethearts long years ago,
  But honor made me forget;
And I wondered altho' she'd been true to him
  Could it be that she loved me yet?

Had she guarded her secret with breaking heart
  At the price of a marriage vow;
And I reasoned, "She never has sinned before me
  So I'll protect her now."

I said, "See here, Jim, we've been pards for years,
  But as true as the God in the skies
Your wife is not here to defend herself,
  And you'll have to take back those lies.

"She never has wronged you in thought or deed,
  She has been a good, loving wife;
And you try to rob her of her good name?
  Why, I ought to crush out your life.

"If you thought her guilty of being untrue,
  Why didn't you act like a man
Just give her the home, and say, 'Now, I'll go,
  I'll forget you as best I can'."

He slowly bowed his head in shame,
  And I noticed his eyelids droop
As he says, "How can I forget her, pal,
  When I still find her hairs in the soup?"

A PICTURE

A Tribute to the Genius of my Friend, Reouble Sims, America's Greatest "Tramp Cartoonist"

I WAS musing o'er some old "keepsakes"
  Of the happy long ago,
When I came to the dusty picture
  Of the girl I used to know.
'Twas a painting on a piece of glass,
  A work of art so rare,
That I didn't realize its worth
  Till I brushed it off with care.

As the dust fell from the shapely neck,
  My heart almost stood still,
Those dark eyes pierced me thro' and thro',
  They brought back love's old thrill.
'Twas the long-lost idol of my heart,
  Crowned in her golden hair;
Unveiled, the goddess of my soul,
  Stood right before me, there.

And all those bygone romances,
  From dear old lover's lane,
Brought back the dreamy long ago,
  As they flashed through my troubled brain,

And then came back the lover's quarrel,
  Which robbed me of a wife,
Dethroned the idol of my heart,
  And parted us for life.

Remorse shot forth its bitter pangs,
  Hopes faded in despair,
But the face at once began to change,
  There was ne'er one half so fair,
The eyes became so soft and sweet,
  They still held Cupid's dart,
The lips they seemed to softly say—
  "Take me once more to your heart."

I seized it with a lover's zeal,
  To press it just once more,
But I gave a shriek, for the photograph
  Fell broken on the floor.
Broken at my very feet,
  Baptized in bitter tears,
Yes, broken, as my heart had been
  Thro' all those weary years.

Remained? Yes, lived within my soul,
  And caused the ebb of tears,
Awoke a chord within my heart,
  Which had slumbered thro' long years.
And I resolved to find,
  The greatest artist in the land,
And have him paint that photograph,
  Life like, with master hand.

A PICTURE

A gleam of heaven in the eyes,
  The hair, a tint of gold,
I'd place her once more on her throne,
  The queen of all my soul.
I turned, and there a vagabond
  Was standing in the door,
He says, "I'll paint that photograph,
  So she'll live for everymore."

And something about those ragged clothes
  Inspired confidence,
As he took some crayons from a sack,
  All ready to commence,
I says, "Alas, 'tis all for naught,
  She's lost for evermore,"
As I pointed to the broken glass
  Which lay there on the floor.

He gathered all the pieces up,
  And gazed once at the eyes,
Then staggered back against the door,
  Yes, almost paralyzed.
He gasped, "So man, 'tis you she loved,
  'Twas I who loved her, too,
That's why I'm now a vagabond,
  She gave me up for you.

I'll paint the Milo Venus,
  Right here before your eyes,
The face that sent me down to hell
  From the realms of paradise."

He started in with magic hand,
  'Twas not the slightest strife,
Each stroke upon the canvas
  Brought the picture back to life.

The spell at once had ended,
  Ah! why was fate so mean,
Why could I not dream all thro' life,
  That old sweet lover's dream.
But with that sad awakening,
  Fate's purpose had been gained,
A sweetheart, most beyond recall,
  In memory now remained.

He could draw the pearly gates ajar
  Till you heard the angels' hymns,
And then he signed his monogram,
  'Twas the simple name of "Sims,"
And I heard him lisp "Revenge is sweet,
  I've drawn that face so fine,
She'll draw the heart strings from his breast,
  As she long ago did mine."

The picture was so near to life,
  You could actually see it breathe,
And it pulled my leg till I most dropped dead
  When Sims said "Four-fifty, please."

MEMORIES

As I sit here and write in this lone den to-night,
  Concentrating my thoughts on a story.
My memory, in spite of me, turns to the time
  When I wrote not for wealth, but glory.
When heart throbs inspired each tale that I told,
  When romantic lore filled the bowers;
When my own boyish glee wrote the wind's poetry,
  In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

In the long, long ago, e're I knew care or woe,
  I wrote my soul's story for pleasure.
Far down in my heart's cozy corner it dwells,
  Guarded all thro' this life as a treasure.
But why should I not give it out to the world,
  Bring to life all those dead happy hours,
Let my heart guide the pen, live my youth o'er again
  In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

O'er my desk from the mould hangs a face framed in gold,
  Which has watched me write stories for years.
Its fond recollection inspires each tale,
  Blends the pathos with laughter and tears.
'Tis the face of a girl whom I loved dear as life,
  Who now sleeps beneath orange bowers.
Of my soul she's still queen, and she once reigned supreme
  In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

An artist was she, painting landscape and sea,
  With Nature's fair gifts she was laden.
We were happy as doves in each other's love—
  A light-hearted youth and maiden.
I wrote Nature's songs while she would paint,
  A life full of bliss was ours.
In sunshine or rain, we were sweethearts the same,
    In that sun-kissed land of flowers.

We both longed for fame to echo our names;
  Our futures we planned—hers and mine.
Love's old themes I'd write from morn until night,
  I poured out my soul in rhyme.
And she'd paint each scene, from Mt. Shasta down
  To the dells and shady bowers,
Each landscape seemed a poetic dream
  In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

One summer's day, while she painted away,
  I wrote my heart's dearest story;
I pictured the dell she had painted so well,
  In all of its splendor and glory.
I told of the fairest flower of my heart,
  Who slept 'neath those shady bowers—
The last sweet repose of my own darling Rose
  In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

I little knew that my song would come true—
  That she and I would sever;
That in the same dell she had painted so well
  My beloved would sleep forever.

MEMORIES

How cruel was fate to take my sweet mate,
  To disturb such bliss as ours.
But my heart's laid at rest with the one I love best
  In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

I've tried to forget, but I still love her yet,
  Tho' I've wandered afar o'er the ocean,
Her memory remains, o'er my soul she still reigns
  With the love of a sweetheart's devotion.
Thro' the Alps' scenes sublime and Italy's clime,
  I've dwelt 'neath the earth's fairest bowers.
But my soul seeks repose by the side of my Rose
  In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

As I sit here and write in this lone den to-night
  I write not for wealth nor glory.
But I still love the girl, and I give to the world
  My own heart's dearest story.
'Twas the romance that comes to each heart only once
  Though its memory haunts life's fleeting hours,
And we are sweethearts to-day—though they've laid her
    away
  In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

"REFLECTIONS"

To-night I've been reflecting
  O'er all my boyhood's days;
And after all I've only played
  A part in Nature's plays.

Ah! what a play, and such a cast,
  And what a gorgeous stage;
A plot which only deepens
  As we pass from age to age.

"Fame" is the leading juvenile
  Which "stars" thro all the years;
The parts of comedy in "life"
  Are those of "lost careers."

The "general utilities" are
  Those without an aim.
You'll find them on life's program
  Merely "supes" without a name.

TO-NIGHT

To all of you grown up
  Girlies and boys,
Who've forgotten the thrills
  Of your childhood joys,

Let's take a trip
  Down memory's lane,
Let's go back to yesterday
  Just once again.

Let's forget all our sorrows,
  Forget all our cares,
As of old, let them vanish,
  In sweet childhood prayers.

Let's follow the rainbow
  Just for to-night,
And dig up the treasure
  With childhood's delight,

Let's drift in our dreams
  To that enchanted isle,
Where pirates for ages
  Have hidden their pile.

Let's find the lost cave
  And the buccaneer's chest
That is hidden away
  Where the sun sinks to rest.

Let's turn back life's pages
  Where mem'ries are bright,
Let's all be just kiddies
  Once more for to-night.

IN AFTER YEARS

Let's take a stroll down memory's lane,
  Down the road to yesterday;
Re-visit all those flowery dells
  Where fancy used to stray.
Back to the golden long ago,
  To where youth's happy dream
Baptized the world with happiness
And started love's sweet theme.

To where the sunbeams loved to play
  And nestle in your hair;
To where the roses on your cheek
  Bloomed in their beauty rare.
Remember that old rustic bench
  In dear old lover's lane,
Remember that old whipperwill
  That sung his sweet refrain,

While you and I would count the stars
  Until the moon grew pale;
It seemed he smiled at me each time
  I tried to tell love's tale.
Let's look back through the winter storms
  To that long forgotten "Spring,"
Let's stroll down to that little shop
  To where I bought the ring.

Let's stand down by the garden gate
  Beneath the same old tree,
To where you whispered just three words
  Which meant the world to me.
Let's live just for each other
  And climb life's hill again,
So when we reach "to-day" we'll not
  Long for what might have been.

SMILE

Come out of the shadows of life's saddened past,
  Leave all the gloom behind;
Just brighten the world with a rainbow of smiles,
  And treasures of joy you'll find.
There's no use to weep over things that are gone,
  Being sad don't recall "Yesterday."
Though to-morrow brings sorrow, don't borrow a tear,
  Just smile and be glad while you may.

REAL PHILOSOPHY

The cheapest thing in all this world is just a little smile;
A gentle word don't cost a cent, but, my, it's worth the while;
A friendly deed to one in need oft times will change careers;
The kindness of "one minute's time" will live for many years.

If every cent you've ever "spent" brought interest while you live,
It couldn't bring you half the joy of one lone dime you "give";
So open up that old grouch bag, help others while you can,
And every minute of your life you'll feel you've been a man.

LONGINGS

I've a longing in my pocket for a dollar which I spent
In my happy boyhood days so far away;
And I've often had a longing in my stomach for a meal,
When I couldn't even get a wisp of hay.

And I long to see the sun shine on the aircastles I built
Which were always one long foot beyond my reach;
And I've longed so long for longings, I'll be glad when they're gone by,
Yet I'm not the only pebble on the beach.

And I've only now one longing left through these long, weary years;
And although my pocket book's not fat with grease;
The longing that I've longed for with a longing long prolonged
Is, I long to know where longings all will cease.

THE MISER

The miser sat by the candlelight on the edge of his treasure chest,
The clink of the gold he had hoarded for years was the music he loved the best;
As each handful of coins through his fingers slipped, he chuckled with fiendish glee:
"I don't care a rap for a soul in the world, and nobody cares for me,
"I never borrow, I never lend,
I accept no favours from foe or friend,
And when my life comes to an end,
I leave no one to grieve o'er me."

As the light threw his shadow upon the wall, he turned with a shriek of fear;
He covered the gold with his palsied hands, for fear of *its* drawing near.
But to his surprise every move he made the *shadow* made with him,
And he found he wasn't alone in the world, as he thought he'd always been.
And every gesture and every word,
And every shake of his grizzly beard,
And every time the miser stirred,
The *shadow* moved with him.

The miser glared at the shadowy form that seemed so
bent and old,
And quietly took a canvas bag and started to hide the gold.
When he turned his eyes, to his surprise, that fiend from
Shadowland,
Was mocking him in every move with a bag in his
shadowy hand.
And every turn and every look,
And every handful the miser took
Was shared by this mysterious crook,
For the *shadow* divided with him.

He dropped the bag with its golden coins, and they clinked
as they rolled on the floor,
And he crawled on his knees with a miser's greed to
gather them up once more;
But they slipped through his fingers and rolled away, no
matter how hard he tried,
And the shadowy fiend mocked every move, as it picked
them up by his side.
And every handful the *shadow* took,
The miser gave a begrudging look,
And he fancied he heard the *shadow* crook
Say, "Half of that gold is *mine*."

The miser watched that shadowy form till in his distorted
brain,
It took him back o'er his ill-spent life that he never could
live again.
It recalled all the pleasures and happiness he had sacri-
ficed for gold—
How he'd got out of touch with his fellow men, and he
heard the *shadow* scold:

"The time has arrived for you to die,
You've lost everything that your gold could buy,
You can take nothing with you, e'en though you try,
That you didn't bring into the world."

Next morning they found the miser's form by the side of his treasure chest;
The golden coins in the canvas bag were fondly pressed to his breast.
He left no marks on the sands of life, no good deeds to humankind;
He left no friends, he left no foes, when he left the world behind.
The shadow had passed away at dawn,
The flickering candlelight was gone,
The miser had passed to the Great Beyond,
But his treasure was left behind.

L'envoi—
And the only treasures in life worth while
Are the kindly deeds and the golden smiles;
And you'll take *two* out of the world, you'll find
For every *one* that you leave behind.

THE COCKTAIL

Life's flowing bowl, if you'll figure it out,
  Is a cocktail after all;
It's only a drink in the goblet of time
  Which is sipped at the last roll call;
It's only a mixture of sorrows and joys;
  It is flavored with passions and fears,
And like sparkling wine, it ripens with time
  In the casks of the fleeting years.

THE CREED OF THE CRAB

THESE optimists you read about
  Are only in your mind,
They like to fourflush 'bout the things
  They did in Auld Lang Syne.
But every time you lend a dime
  To someone who's your friend,
You're only playing sucker
  For he'll sting you in the end.

That's why I'm a pessimist,
  That's why I'm a crab;
I'm going to freeze to every
  Measly nickel I can grab.
They can call me "tight-wad" if they like;
  It's coin that talks—not gab;
The dollar is my only friend,
  And that's why I'm a crab.

If you spend your money while you're young,
  They'll say that you're a jay;
If you save it, you're a miser;
  If you're congenial, you're too gay;
If you're polite, they'll call you "sissy";
  If you're honest, you're not wise;
If you ask for money that you've lent
  You're one of those "mean guys."

That's why I'm a pessimist,
  That's why I'm a crab;
I'm goin to be the meanest guy;
  I'll steal all I can grab.
I'll be so doggoned little
  By the time I come to die,
That the devil cannot find me
  'Till he's used his coal supply.

WAITING

THIS life is filled with waiting
From the cradle to the grave.
We wait and long for something day by day;
In Childhood days we're waiting,
For the time when we'll grow up;
When life's work takes the place of childhood's play,
In school days we are waiting
For the graduating time;
In business days we're waiting to retire;
And when we have retired we're found waiting for the time,
When old age leaves but embers of life's fire;
And when old age at last has dawned and left its feebleness,
There's nothing else in life for which we crave;
Yet still you'll find us waiting for life's journey to be o'er,
Just waiting, only waiting, for the grave.

THE FAILURE

When first I held you in my arms,
And gazed into your eyes,
The lovelight I saw shining there
Made life a paradise;
And when we "banked" on happiness
The future held in store,
The "bank book'" read just "You and I";
We asked for nothing more.

The "interest" on our "golden dreams,"
We counted thousand fold;
It seemed our "dividend" of love
Would pave life's path with gold;
But as we drifted down the years
Where "fortune's storms" assailed,
We tried to "draw" upon our love;
Alas, the bank had "failed."

And tho' the parting of the ways
Caused us to drift apart,
There's just one fond regret to fill
Your place within my heart.
Though Memory's "vault" can't "close its doors,"
"Love's bank" has failed it seems;
Life's only "interest" now is drawn
Upon our "golden dreams."

THE LAW OF EQUALIZATION

When this world was just in the making,
  Old Father Time came to a pause;
In a moment of deepest reflection,
  He thought out a code for his laws.
He figured all things must be equal
  But exacting in every one,
And his first Law of Equalization
  Is the greatest law under the sun.

It's as sure as the grim reaper's sentence,
  It acts as the world's balance wheel;
It divides all the treasures of Nature,
  And tells you, "Thou shalt not steal."
It applies to your life's every action,
  And so you easily define
He listed things under two headings,
  And stamped *"right"* and *"wrong"* on your mind.

But he played square himself in the making,
  For he gave you the best right along;
For he installed a conscience to tell you
  Which action was "right" or was "wrong."
Though he made you a free moral agent,
  To select any path that you like,
Just follow impulse against conscience,
  And see how this law can strike.

THE LAW OF EQUALIZATION

When a man or a woman imagine
They can cheat and still keep home sublime,
That old law brings "all of their chickens
Right back home to roost" every time.
If you plant wheat, you'll never raise barley;
To get mutton, you have to have sheep;
For that stern Law of Equalization
Says: "Whatever you sow, you shall reap."

Your stomach was made for life's fuel,
But, pollute it with "Juice from the Bowl,"
And you'll find out "the next morning after"
That Nature exacts every toll.
Just forget a girl's somebody's sister,
It matters not where you may be,
Your action will act like a boomerang,
And land you on your own family tree.

A crook often cleans up a fortune;
But follow his trail to the end,
And you'll find he would give every nickel
Just to be called *"A man"* by some friend.
The respect for himself that he loses,
Spells "failure" for him in life's book,
And that mysterious, silent collector,
Collects for each cent that he took.

For that old Law of Equalization,
That has been handed down through the years,
Makes illegal joys pay with sorrows,
And illegal smiles cost you tears;
And if you would try to escape it,
There's one easy thing you can do,
And that is: "Do unto others,
As you'd have them do unto you."

YOU'RE ANOTHER!

SHOW me the man who tells you,
  He never lied to his wife,
And I'll show you the biggest liar
  That ever was brought to life.

If you ever meet a woman
  Who has always spoken the truth,
She's been dead both ways from the middle
  Since the days of her early youth.

And there's only one deduction,
  Though it's pretty tough to face,—
But lying's the greatest accomplishment
  That is known to the human race.

"WHEN THINGS GO WRONG"

GEE! but this is a punk old world!
  When things are going wrong,
There's not one note of melody
  Left in life's sweetest song.

The sunshine seems to lose its warmth;
  The moon don't shine at all;
It seems that every thing worth while
  Has gone beyond recall.

The woods have lost their splendour,
  And the flowers cease to bloom;
The song birds never warble,
  And all Nature's out of tune;

The goddess that you've idolized
  Has turned into an elf;
You see a change in everything,
  That is—except "yourself."

And that is where the trouble lies;
  Just open wide your eyes,
You'll see your "brain storm" vanish
  And leave rainbows in the skies.

Bad luck may have you down and out;
  But take another view,
And you'll find a dozen close at hand,
  A lot worse off than you,

Just fight the wrongs within yourself;
  And when you've won the game,
You'll find the birds, the sunshine,
And the whole blamed world the same.

LIFE

Life is just like a day in June,
A beautiful dawn and a promising noon;
It ripens to sunset's golden glow
Then fades away as the sun's rays go;
Each spans the gulf of a fleeing year,
A little laughter, a little tear;
It's only a pause by the magic pond
Till the grave marks the way to the "great beyond."

AFTER ALL

How many times from boyhood up
  We plan our future lives;
We picture life but happiness
  When we have chosen wives;
We lay success' corner stones
  And shape our great careers,
But the sweetest dregs from the dreamer's cup
  Oft bring the bitterest tears.
How oft in life you meet a tramp,
  A poor old drunken sot;
You can't see one redeeming trait
  That's worthy of your thought.
But just like you and me
  He dreamed the same dreams long ago;
But now they're locked in memory's vault—
  The world will never know.
And like that poor old tramp some day
  We may go down the line,
Be numbered with the "lost careers"
  Of "once upon a time,"
For the dreamer with the loftiest dreams
  Oft gets Fate's "hardest fall."
Too late we say "there's no fool
  Like an old fool, after all."

"ALONE"

When you've given the best that is in you,
  And spent the best years of your life
To buy ease and comfort for others,
  To save them from worry and strife.

When you've fought all your battles in silence,
  And you see victory looming in sight,
Then those for whom you've been fighting
  Have forgotten you're making the fight.

They've forgotten the days that are by-gones
  They've almost passed out of your life;
They forget the new channels now open
  Were built by your worry and strife.

And the old spark of love you once kindled,
  Like the ember, is faded and gone;
Though you now see success in the offing,
  You find out too late, you're alone.

Alone with just fond recollections,
  You live back o'er each yester year,
Where poverty kept you together,
  And love made all things sweet and dear.

And you wonder if life's worth the struggle,
  Though success shows you each corner stone.
If you win, you have lost life's whole battle
  When you find out too late you're *Alone*.

THE WORKINGMAN

THOUGH his home is no mansion,
His clothes are not fine,
Though he works hard from morning till night.
Though his dinner pail's empty,
He whistles the same,
And you wonder what makes his heart light.

You notice a smile as he's toiling away
Though his station in life is not high,
And you wonder why *he* is content with his lot
While *his boss* seems to grumble and sigh.

'Tis the love for his dear ones that strengthens his arm,
That makes him content with his fate;
And he smiles as he thinks of a sweet laughing face
That will meet him to-night at the gate.

Perhaps it's a little tot, boy or a girl,
Perhaps it's his mother, or wife;
No matter, that one fond embrace at the gate
Is pay for his worry and strife.

The battle for millions may make men of wealth
Neglect all that makes life worth while;
But poverty adds to the workingman's love,
And that's why he works with a smile.

His clothes may be dirty, ragged and torn,
  His face may be sunburnt and brown;
But he knows he's as dear to the ones at the gate
  As though he were wearing a crown.

The wealthy may laugh at his struggle through life;
  But when there are deeds to be done,
You'll find it's the working man, right in the front,
  That's the first one to shoulder the gun.

And when he has finished his toil on this earth,
  When he answers his "last roll call,"
May the Page write his name on the tablet of fame:
  "The workingman, king of them all."

SNOBOCRACY

In the quaint little village of "Happiness,"
  In a street that was named "Content,"
A sign was placed on a house one day,
  With just two words: *"For Rent."*

From the distant city of "Thoughtlessness"
  That lies in the land of "Sob,"
Came two of its most famous citizens,
  Mr. and Mrs. "Snob."

They saw this house with its sign *"For Rent,"*
  With its flowers all over the walls,
With the sun streaming in through the windows,
  With its bright and cheery halls.

Says "Snob": "We'll rent this cottage,
  And show the town some 'class.'
We'll change the place to suit ourselves
  And attract all those who pass."

So they put blinds on the windows
  To shut the sunlight out;
They cut the flowers from the walls,
  And changed the place about.

Then they gave a grand reception,
  To the folk of "Happiness,"
That is—to those who could afford
  To wear fine evening dress.

The things they did that evening,
  Were new to all the town,
Most of the conversation
  Centered on some lady's gown.

They played a game called "Gossip,"
  Which was clever as could be,
It was written by old "Camouflage"
  To please "Miss Jealousy."

But Miss "Jealousy" took second prize,
  She found she couldn't beat,
A friend of "Mr. Hatred's"
  By the name of "Miss Conceit."

Before the party ended,
  As parties always do,
"Miss Happiness" and "Mr. Frank"
  Bade all the guests adieu.

The "Snobs" were quite insulted,
  And agreed with all the rest,
That "Happiness" and "Mr. Frank"
  Could never be their guest.

But the party was a grand success,
  The "Snobs" had come to stay,
And by their elegance and style
  Established social sway.

In fact their influence was felt,
  In every walk of life,
Their spell was cast on single folk
  As well as man and wife.

A change came over all the town,
  It didn't seem the same,
And friends who used to stop and speak
  Forgot each other's name.

The sunshine wasn't bright and warm,
  The flowers ceased to bloom,
The street they used to call "Content"
  Was nicknamed, "Rue de Gloom."

The "Snobs" got all the citizens,
  (Though some against their will)
To change the town from "Happiness"
  And call it "Sorrowville."

One day a singer came to town
  Named "Human Charity,"
And advertised a concert,
  With all the tickets free.

And every body in the place
  Turned out to hear the songs;
'Twas just what they had needed,
  She electrified the throngs.

She sang the simple ballads
  That contained a "human" theme,
And not the "highbrow" classics
  That make things "not what they seem";

And when she sang her encore,
  About "the girl who smiled,"
The audience stood up and cheered,
  The town went simply wild.

And when they left the theatre,
  They all smiled at the door,
For the sun was shining brighter
  Than it ever had before.

But "Mr. Snob and Mrs. Snob"
  Turned up their haughty nose,
Says "Mrs. Snob" to "Mr. Snob":
  "Of all the low brow shows!

"Those songs were quite impossible,
  And dear, I must confess,
We're out of place here, so let's move
  Right back to 'Thoughtlessness.' "

Meantime this little house was bought
  By Messrs. "Just and Right."
They told the "Snobs" they have to move,
  And move that very night.

And the town changed back to "Happiness,"
  For "Mr. and Mrs. Snob"
Moved back to the city of "Thoughtlessness"
  That lies in the land of "Sob."

TO THE POETS

Of bards who soar to classics,
  Almost four of every five
Get out of touch with Nature,
  And lose all for which they strive;
And as Nature is the Masterpiece
  Of everything sublime,
You can't improve on Nature,
  So you're only wasting time.
Come down to earth, for wond'rous themes
  Are close at every hand;
You can let majestic eloquence,
  Paint thoughts divine and grand.
But listen closely to the Muse,
  And grasp the magic tone,
Then you'll find the keynote "Human"
  And you'll leave discords alone.

"THE LITTLE BOOK STORE"

WHAT a miniature world is the little book store
With its geography pictured in volumes of lore,
With every known country upon this old sphere
And thousands in "Fiction Land" almost as dear,
With its poets, philosophers, statesmen and sage
Who connected the past with to-day's flitting age,
What a vault for the treasures of those gone before
Is that same unpretentious, *Little Book Store.*

It's the one only place that our memories can give
Where the writers of all time, together, still live
With all of the characters of each age and clime
Who left their imprint on the records of time,
With armies of heroes and villains galore
And heroines fit for the gods to adore;
And I know that the spirits are hovering o'er
(In one great communion) the *Little Book Store.*

With every known subject minutely defined
It's the orchard of fruits from the world's greatest minds,
Life's garden of thoughts that can never decay
Where the flowers of speech live for ever and aye
In the chain of the ages, the connecting link,
A monument to all who took time to think;
To the fountains of knowledge it's the world's open door
Long, long may you prosper, you *Little Book Store.*

L'Envoi

And many's the man who passed the door
Who never looked in to the *Little Book Store*
Or realized that the man inside
Was doing a work of God's own pride,
And the bookseller, not realising himself,
That the wonderful thoughts that came from his shelf
To a million minds some good unfurled
And made this a grander, better world.

"MOTHER"

"MOTHER" is the grandest word
  That's known to human tongue;
It tells the sweetest story
  That the poet ever sung.
The histories do not impart
  From whence its magic came,
'Tis beyond the gift of eloquence
  To define that simple name.
But deep within our "heart of hearts"
  We know just what it means,
'Twas God's own greatest title
  When he crowned her "Queen of Queens."

DEAR OLD DAD

In childhood's golden hours,
  And in boyhood's happy days,
Thro' all your joys and sorrows
  There's a friend who's true always;
No matter if the world frowns
  On the downfalls you have had,
There's one who'll take you by the hand,
  That's dear old Dad.

When poverty knocks at your door,
  Old dad will never shirk;
He's not too proud for overalls,
Just so it's honest work.
His dinner pail may not be full,
  But still his heart is glad;
Just so he knows his wayward boy
  Loves dear old Dad.

Your friends may all desert you,
  Whom you thought were tried and true;
Perhaps you've lost a sweetheart
  Who was all this world to you.
If your dearest pal has turned you down,
  Just when your heart is sad,
Remember you have still one friend
  In dear old Dad.

When all the air castles you've built
  Have crumbled to decay;
When all fond hopes you've cherished
  Have forever passed away.
When all the good you've ever done
  Seems to have turned to bad;
There's one who overlooks your faults,
  That's dear old Dad.

He sees in you the same sweet boy
  Who prattled on his knee;
He always thinks you innocent
As once you used to be.
He watched you grow from childhood up;
  Your triumphs make him glad;
In sun or rain there's one the same,
  That's dear old Dad.

THE OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER

The old-fashioned mother who used to insist
  On a chaperone for her girl,
Who had to know what time she returned
  From every social whirl,
Who said: "My boy, develop your brain,
  Stay home and study to-night,"
Is almost a relic of bygone days,
  She seems to have dropped from sight.

But she left her mark, God Bless Her!
  And her deeds that linger behind,
Will blossom again in golden thoughts,
  Develop the future mind.
We're living now at a thoughtless age,
  And the greed for pleasure and gold,
Has made us classify everything
  As, "traditions decrepit and old."

But just watch a girl of the "butterfly life"
  Who finally marries some chap,
Who is placed in life's category
  As a well dressed up to date "yap."
The height of their ambition
  Is usually "doing the Town,"
Or showing their "circle" that they are real sports,
  After they've settled down.

They usually divorce in a hurry,
  Or else fight it out for life;
She thinks he's a mighty poor husband;
  He knows she's a hell of a wife.
That is one time they're sane in opinion;
  They've sized up each other just right,
But they point out so many examples,
  Their faults soon pass out of sight.

As far as leaving their mark in the world,
  They're a couple of "figure heads";
And the nearest they come to children
  Is a pair of white twin beds.
You can all draw your own conclusions,
  But you wouldn't see all of this strife
If we had more old-fashioned mothers
  To show them their places in Life.

"A LITTLE GIRL AND A LITTLE BOY"

In all this world the greatest joy
Is a romp with a little girl and boy;
The boy, though just a tiny mite,
He grasps your heart and holds it tight.
And by that wondrous, mystic love,
You know he came from Heaven above,
The girl—God bless her little heart—
She's been my pal from the very start.
I've watched her grow from babyhood,
The embodiment of all that's good.
Though I'm not versed in Religion's school
I've hung on tight to the Golden Rule,
In hopes that others in this world
Will be good to my little boy and girl;
And though I'm rough from worldly care,
Each night I offer up a prayer
To Him who watches over all
And marks the tiny sparrow's fall.
To watch o'er those so dear to me
And guide them in their destiny.
For this old world would hold no joy
Without that little girl and boy.

TO MY BOY

*R*ight after all of the Christmas joys
  Of 1917,
*O*ld Santa Claus had stopped to pause
  In a fairy dell unseen.
*B*ut he saw an angel flying by
  With a dolly that he had forgot,
*E*ncircling the clouds with its precious gift
  To alight on a welcome spot.
*R*eindeer looked up at this wondrous sight,
  But Santa hung his head—
*T*o forget the greatest gift of the year
  Was unpardonable, he said.

*V*isions of earth to the angel came
  As it fondled its treasure with care;
*I*nto the heart of a Royal home
  It left a Royal heir.
*C*oncealing its flight in the Christmas night
  It flew back to heaven above,
*T*o tell Santa he was forgiven at last
  By the joy of a baby's love.
*O*n the Record Book the angel wrote,
  Where they register every birth—
*R*obert Victor Elliott,
  The Greatest Boy on Earth.